RICHARD III

THE ARDEN SHAKESPEARE

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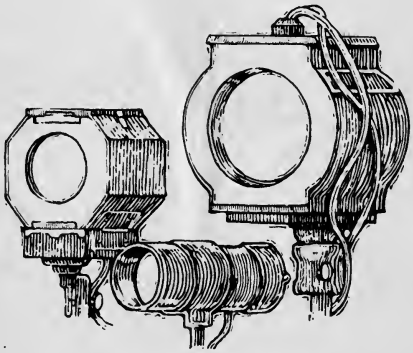

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THE TRAGEDY

OF

KING RICHARD III

EDITED BY

GEORGE MACDONALD, M. A.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD

D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

2 H 2

GENERAL PREFACE

In this edition of SHAKESPEARE an attempt is made to present the greater plays of the dramatist in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of philology or grammar. Criticism purely verbal and textual has only been included to such an extent as may serve to help the student in the appreciation of the essential poetry. Questions of date and literary history have been fully dealt with in the Introductions, but the larger space has been devoted to the interpretative rather than the matter-of-fact order of scholarship. Aesthetic judgments are never final, but the Editors have attempted to suggest points of view from which the analysis of dramatic motive and dramatic character may be profitably undertaken. In the Notes likewise, while it is hoped that all unfamiliar expressions and allusions have been adequately explained, yet it has been thought even more important to consider the dramatic value of each scene, and the part which it plays in relation to the whole. These general principles are common to the whole series; in detail each Editor is alone responsible for the play intrusted to him.

Every volume of the series has been provided with a Glossary, an Essay upon Metre, and an Index; and Appendices have been added upon points of special interest, which could not conveniently be treated in the Introduction or the Notes. The text is based by the several Editors on that of the *Globe* edition: the only omissions made are those that are unavoidable in an edition likely to be used by young students.

By the systematic arrangement of the introductory matter, and by close attention to typographical details, every effort has been made to provide an edition that will prove convenient in use.

PREFATORY NOTE.

My chief guide in preparing this edition has been personal experience of the difficulty of teaching Shakespeare to schoolboys. In addition to Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* and Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, I have constantly had beside me the commentaries of Malone, Delius, and Wright (Clarendon Press). To all of these I owe much. W. Oechelhaeuser's *Essay über König Richard III.* has been helpful in many ways, though I have found myself unable to agree with its main conclusions. In the Glossary I have been mainly guided by *The New English Dictionary* and by Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*, while Professor Herford's Glossary to his edition of *Richard II.* has also been very suggestive. In compiling the historical summary of the lives of the *dramatis personæ*, I have, with the permission of the Publishers, occasionally made use of Mr. F. A. Marshall's notes in the *Henry Irving Shakespeare*. Specific obligations to other works I have endeavoured faithfully to acknowledge. The Index has been drawn up in Messrs. Blackie's office. It only remains for me to thank the friends who, at various stages in the progress of this little book, have ungrudgingly given me much valuable advice and assistance.

G. M.

GLASGOW, *July, 1896.*

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

I.—CHARACTER OF THE PLAY.

THE argument is simple and straightforward. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, has done the House of York yeoman service in the Wars of the Roses, and his courage and determination have had no small share in securing the crown for his elder brother, now Edward IV. of England. But his ambition will not let him rest satisfied with the triumph of his party. He must himself be king. Edward's illness and death give him his opportunity; and his plans are laid and carried through with a politic foresight that compels our admiration, even though hypocrisy is his armour and murder his favourite weapon. Throughout he bears himself as one who stands alone and who has "neither pity, love, nor fear".[1] Those of his own house are removed as ruthlessly as his hereditary foes, and at length he mounts the throne as Richard III. But with all his shrewdness he has blundered in the elements of his calculation; he has underestimated the inevitable reaction of his wickedness on himself and on others. A twofold retribution overtakes him. On the one hand, his own conscience is awakened, and when he lies down to rest he is "scared with dreams and terrified with visions". On the other, his subjects, alienated by his cruel deeds, flock to swell the forces of rebellion, and on Bosworth Field outraged humanity exacts the vengeance it was bound to claim. For his final defeat is brought about not by any cowardice or want of skill upon his part, but mainly by the desertion at a critical moment of a large body of those whom he trusted.

[1] *Third Part of King Henry Sixth*, v. 6. 68. The whole passage ought to be read carefully.

Richard's fate, then, might have been foreseen, and it was in a sense deserved. Yet it moves our pity. If it failed to do so, the play would not be a tragedy. The everyday use of this word is most misleading. No crime, however startling, is in itself tragic, nor is it made more so by swiftly following punishment. A true tragedy is the spectacle of a great soul wrecked and ruined through being somehow or other brought into conflict with the moral order of the world. The tragic hero must therefore be a man whose life is full of possibilities, and whose nature is rich in striking qualities. Shakespeare's Richard III. is no mere vulgar criminal. To begin with, he is of the blood royal, as Lear is a king, as Hamlet is a prince, as Othello is the right arm of a mighty republic. Then he has in him much of positive good—personal courage, intellectual quickness, readiness of resource, and unflinching steadfastness of purpose. If we would realize how great he is, we have but to set him alongside of Hastings or of Buckingham, men as ambitious and almost as unscrupulous as himself. Matched with ordinary opponents, they would have been dangerous foes. In Richard's hands each of them in turn becomes a tool to be used at pleasure, and then contemptuously cast aside, their futile efforts after independent action serving only to throw into bold relief the grander lines of the hero's figure. A man so richly dowered by nature has many claims upon our admiration, and as we watch insatiable ambition drive him into a hopeless conflict with the eternal principles of righteousness and truth, we cannot but be stirred with unavailing regret for what might have been, as well as with something of the "fear or terror" that tragedy ought to inspire.

No one, however, would rank *Richard III.* among the masterpieces of Shakespeare. The more fully we realize the conditions under which, in actual experience, faults of character and violations of moral order bring with them failure and punishment, the more deeply are we impressed with the complexity of the process; and so here the very ease with which we apprehend the moral bearing of the play is a clear sign of inferiority to the greater tragedies in point of

faithfulness to the facts of human life. The flaw of character which brings about Richard's ruin is so positive and well-defined, and calls so loudly for punishment, that the manner in which cause and effect are linked together seems to lack the interest for which we have a right to look. Lear's failure to understand Cordelia, Hamlet's reluctance to kill his uncle, Othello's jealous love—all these are natural enough, and in each case the catastrophe entailed brings with it a baffling sense of the perversity of fate. But such ambition as Richard's is a grievous fault, and our sense of justice demands that he should answer it grievously. Thus it is that events move too much as we should expect them to do, and when the end does come, our satisfaction at the ultimate overthrow of obvious wrong leaves but scanty room for the play of tragic pity and fear. It is true that a similar objection might fairly be urged against a drama that reaches a much higher level. In reading *Richard III.* we are constantly reminded of *Macbeth*[1], and the resemblance between the two is reflected in their common popularity. In the later play, however,—to say nothing of the supremely successful use there made of the supernatural,—the character of the hero has all the perfection of a mature study; and, besides, Macbeth himself is never allowed to absorb the whole of our attention. In *Richard III.* there is no Lady Macbeth. But that there, too, Shakespeare was alive to the danger of the motive he selected, is clear from the fact that he has done not a little to lessen its effect by making the majority of the victims of Richard's cruelty openly acknowledge the justice of their doom. "False, fleeting, perjured Clarence", "the adulterate Hastings", "high-reaching Buckingham", the fickle Anne, too easily wooed and won, virtually pronounce sentence on themselves. Even Rivers and Grey fail to command our full sympathy, for they had been "standers by" when the Lancastrian Edward was foully done to death at Tewkesbury. Only the young princes who perish in the Tower are wholly innocent. In their case it is the sins of the fathers that are visited on the children. For *Richard III.* is

[1] See note on iv. 3. 51.

not merely the tragedy of an individual soul; it is the tragedy of a dynasty.

To us, who stand at a sufficient distance to adjust the historical perspective properly, it is plain enough that the main result of the Wars of the Roses was to weaken beyond hope of recovery the numbers and the power of the great feudal nobility, and so to leave the way clear for the slow but irresistible development of a democratic England. Shakespeare was too nearly a contemporary to be able to assign to that prolonged struggle its proper place in the drama of history. But to him too it meant something more than "a confused noise of the warrior and garments rolled in blood". As he read the story in the pages of the Chronicler, his unerring instinct laid hold of the most picturesque and characteristic incidents, and this material he wove into a series of plays which in a way form a continuous whole. In the dethronement and death of Richard II. we have what may be called the First Act. Under Henry IV. and Henry V. we see the House of Lancaster rise to a position of unexampled prosperity and glory. This power, however, had its beginnings in a flagrant injustice, and it was bound to pass away. In the hands of Henry VI. it crumbled into dust, and the last of the Lancastrian kings paid with his life the debt he had inherited. The instrument of vengeance was the rival House of York. But the White Rose, no less than the Red, had blossomed on a soil that was made rich by the blood of men; and the retribution was not long delayed. This time it came from within. As Queen Margaret in our play never wearies of reminding us, Richard III., in compassing the death of his kinsfolk, is but avenging, albeit without intention, the wrongs of the House of Lancaster. When his task is finished, he himself falls by the edge of the sword. And the king who succeeds him is neither a Yorkist nor a Lancastrian; he is the first of the Tudor monarchs.

II. SOURCES OF THE PLAY.

In 1509 or 1513 (for authorities differ) the book that forms the real foundation of Shakespeare's *Richard III.* was written in Latin. This is Sir Thomas More's history of the reigns of Edward V. and Richard III. It was never finished, but an English version of so much as had been completed was published in 1543 in *Hardyng's Chronicle*, and it subsequently appeared in an English dress in the folio edition of More's Works (London, 1557). The latter translation is easily accessible, as it has been edited with glossary and notes for the Pitt Press by Professor Lumby (Cambridge, 1883). Although, as we shall see, Shakespeare did not draw from it directly, still More's book has an interest of its own in connection with *Richard III.* For the materials used in compiling it were in all probability supplied to the writer by Cardinal Morton, in whose household More lived when he was a young man, and who appears in our play as Bishop of Ely. If we remember that Morton was a pronounced Lancastrian, and that he took an active part in the intrigues that preceded Richmond's invasion, we shall have little difficulty in understanding why tradition has painted Richard Crookback in such sombre colours.

Three centuries ago historians had no scruples about making use of the very words of their predecessors. When Hall wrote his *Chronicle* (published in 1548), he incorporated in it More's work, substantially as it had appeared in Hardyng; and in 1577 Holinshed, in his *Chronicles of the Kings of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, once again reproduced the original story with the addition of a few interpolations that had been made by Hall. Although the language of the various versions is practically identical, still there are minor differences[1] in points of detail—in unimportant names, in the introduction or omission of trifling episodes,—a careful collation of which shows that Shakespeare must have read both Hall and the *second* edition of Holinshed (1586-87).

[1] Some of the more striking are indicated in the Notes.

Shakespeare, then, was indebted to the *Chronicle* for his conception of Richard. Whether that conception accords with the facts of history is a question that in no way affects our view of the play. It need not, therefore, be discussed. More to the point is it to ask how the dramatist has treated his materials. It may be said at once that the first impression is one of surprise at the faithfulness with which he has adhered to the narrative and even to the language of his authorities. This makes it all the more instructive to note the character of the changes he has seen fit to introduce. First and foremost are his deliberate alterations of time and place. Just as in the *Second Part of King Henry VI.* (v. 2.), Richard is represented as taking part in the Battle of St. Albans, though he was at the time little more than an infant, so now Queen Margaret, who really died in France in 1482, has her life prolonged for at least three years that she may be able to heap curses on the enemies of Lancaster and point the moral of Richard's misdeeds. Similarly in Act ii. Scene 2 we have most of the chief personages in the play grouped together round the dying Edward, whereas at the time of the king's mortal illness Richard had not returned from his campaign in Scotland, Rivers and Grey were probably at Ludlow, and Buckingham in Wales. Again, in order to concentrate our interest, the poet in Acts i. and ii. crowds into the space of a few days the funeral of Henry VI. (1471), the murder of Clarence (1478), and the death of Edward IV. (1483). A little reflection will show how intimately such changes are bound up with much that is most characteristic in the drama. It is interesting too to observe how a mere hint dropped by the Chronicler has sometimes been elaborated into an effective scene. A case in point is Derby's petition to Edward (Act ii. Scene 1). Further illustration of the actual changes Shakespeare has made will be found in the Notes. Meanwhile it remains to be said that it is a matter of course that for many of the most characteristic details he drew entirely upon the resources of his own rich imagination. Thus in the various scenes in which the young princes appear, as well as in the interviews between Richard

and Anne, and between Richard and his mother, he owes practically nothing to Holinshed, while even where he borrows most freely, his hand has transformed whatever it touched, his genius has moved over the dry bones of the *Chronicle*, and has breathed into them the breath of life.

III. HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

In 1597 *The Tragedy of King Richard the Third* first made its appearance in print. It was in quarto form. The title-page of this edition, which is known as the First Quarto, gave no indication of the authorship. The Second and all subsequent Quartos (1598, 1602, 1605, 1612, 1622, 1629, 1634) were published under Shakespeare's name. The last two of these were printed from the preceding Quarto, no regard being paid to the widely different text that had in the interval appeared in the First Folio (1623). The fact that so many editions were called for, shows how popular the play must have been, and this indirect evidence is confirmed by more than one allusion in contemporary writers.[1] Nor are the causes of its popularity far to seek. Its comparative simplicity of outline, the obviousness of the main motive, the rapidity with which one stirring event follows another, all tended to make it find favour in the eyes of "the general".

Melodramatic as it undoubtedly is, it was not sufficiently so for the eighteenth-century playgoer. In 1700 Colley Cibber produced *The Tragical History of King Richard III. alter'd from Shakespear*, and until 1821 no other version was seen upon the English stage. In the latter year Macready took part in a revival of the Shakespearian play at Covent Garden, and in 1877 Mr. Irving produced at the Lyceum *Richard III.* "arranged for the stage exclusively from the author's text". With these exceptions Cibber's adaptation has maintained its hold on the public taste for nearly two centuries, and in view

[1] For anecdotes showing how closely the name of the famous actor Burbage was associated with the part of Richard III., see *The Henry Irving Shakespeare*, vol. iii. p. 10.

of this it is worth while to note its leading characteristics. Shakespeare's *Richard III.* contains about 3600 lines, and is the longest of all his plays save *Hamlet.* To shorten it Cibber began by excluding many of the original *dramatis personæ*, notably Clarence, Hastings, Edward IV., and "the kindred" of his Queen, as well as the widowed Queen Margaret, who is in some ways the most striking figure of all. This wholesale excision involved the loss of the greater part of the Shakespearian play. To bring the length up to about 2000 lines, a good deal of new matter is introduced, and the changes are of the boldest kind. Where the pretence of following Shakespeare's text is maintained, phrases are altered and expanded in the most arbitrary manner, poetry being transformed into mere rhetoric. Where passages are interpolated, the object is almost invariably to exaggerate Richard's physical and moral deformities, and to drive home to the audience the enormity of his crimes. Thus the murder of Henry VI. upon the stage is borrowed for the occasion from the Shakespearian *Henry the Sixth*, Part 3,—perhaps a more excusable innovation than the method in which the murder of the young princes is treated. Shakespeare passes over this incident as lightly as it was possible for him to do, softening the horror of Tyrrel's description by the exceeding beauty of the language in which it is clothed. His adapter makes the actual murderers discuss their plans before the spectators, and then represents Richard himself as listening in an adjoining room to the doing of the deed and gloating over its execution. Such a change is typical of the whole spirit of Cibber's version. In his hands *Richard III.* is robbed of almost every element that makes it a tragedy. The stake for which the villain plays is still indeed a crown. Apart from that, the drama becomes a mere common story of revolting wickedness and well-merited retribution. Yet it was in this, and not in Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, that the great actors of the past, like David Garrick and Edmund Kean, moved the multitudes to enthusiasm. The stage history of our play might well be appealed to in support of Charles Lamb's paradoxical contention "that the plays of Shakspere are

less calculated for performance on a stage than those of almost any other dramatic author".[1]

IV. DATE AND AUTHORSHIP.

Within certain limits there is but little room for difference of opinion about the date of *Richard III.* The First Quarto was published in 1597, and the play must have had time to acquire a considerable popularity before it would have been worth anyone's while to print it. Furnivall in his *Trial Table* assigns it to 1594. Others would place it a year or two earlier. All definite dates are purely conjectural. But the evidence supplied by the style and construction of the drama, taken along with the results of the various metrical tests,[2] clearly indicates the handiwork of the youthful Shakespeare. The characters are drawn with genuine power and boldness, but there is an absence of the subtle refinement that maturity brought with it, while the comparative faithfulness with which the *Chronicle* is followed, would seem to show that the dramatist had not yet acquired full confidence in his own inventive genius. An examination of the form of the play brings out certain striking points of resemblance to the conventional "classical" drama, which, as represented by Seneca, provided the early Elizabethans with a model,[3] Among these may be mentioned the large proportion of *στιχομυθία*[4] that the dialogue contains, and the frequent instances of tragic irony,[5] as well as the manner in which Richard's opening speech, like a prologue of Euripides, sets forth the whole situation. Such marks of approximation to the classical type probably betray the influence of Marlowe, and the concentration of interest upon the single figure of the hero is also a "Marlowesque" characteristic. Mr. Fleay

[1] See Lamb's Essay *On the Tragedies of Shakspere.*

[2] See *Appendix on Prosody.*

[3] See J. W. Cunliffe: *The Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy* (London, 1893), and Rudolf Fischer: *Zur Kunstentwicklung der Englischen Tragödie* (Strassburg, 1893).

[4] See note to i. 2. 68.

[5] See note to i. 2. 26 ff.

indeed believes[1] that "Shakespeare derived his plot and part of his text from an anterior play", and "that the anterior play was Marlowe's, partly written for Lord Strange's company in 1593, but left unfinished at Marlowe's death, and completed and altered by Shakespeare in 1594. . . . The unhistorical but grandly classical conception of Margaret, the Cassandra prophetess, the Helen-Ate of the House of Lancaster, . . . is evidently due to Marlowe." This hypothesis of Mr. Fleay's —for it is a mere hypothesis, and admits neither of proof nor of disproof—marks the most advanced point that criticism has reached, and renders necessary some reference to one of the most difficult problems that Shakespearian students have to deal with.

It is clear that *Richard III.* is intimately connected with the series of three plays commonly known as Shakespeare's *Henry the Sixth.* The narrative is continuous, and the same characters reappear. Richard, it is true, does not at first display the masterful ambition and wickedness that we associate with his name. But, as has been well pointed out,[2] there are two Richards in the *Chronicle* also, the second becoming prominent as soon as Hall begins to draw upon More's *History.* Now the question of the authorship of the various parts of *Henry the Sixth* is one in regard to which there is a very serious divergence of opinion. These three plays appeared for the first time in the Folio of 1623. Nearly thirty years before, there had been published anonymously in quarto form *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster* (1594) and *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke* (1595), two plays which may be described as earlier and cruder versions of Parts 2 and 3 of the Shakespearian *Henry the Sixth.* After being republished separately in 1600, they were published together in 1619 as *The Whole Contention betweene the Two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke*, and on the title-page of this last edition Shakespeare figures as the author. In the First

[1] F. G. Fleay: *Life and Works of Shakespeare*, pp. 276 f.
[2] Oechelhaeuser: *Shakespeareana*, p. 51.

Folio, however, the place they would naturally have occupied is taken by *Henry the Sixth*, Parts 2 and 3.

Round the issues these facts raise there has been keen controversy, some asserting that both the earlier and later plays are wholly the work of Shakespeare, others maintaining that he had nothing whatever to do with *The Contention* and *The True Tragedie*, and that even *Henry the Sixth* has been only here and there touched by his hand. Between these two extremes room has been found for a great variety of opinion.[1] As a matter of fact, though there is material for much interesting speculation, there is not sufficient evidence to justify a positive conclusion. There is certainly a great deal to be said for the "anterior play" theory so far as regards *Henry the Sixth*. But we may hesitate before extending it with Mr. Fleay to *Richard the Third*. At the best, subjective criticism is a dangerous thing; and further, while it may be possible to say that a particular passage reaches a level of greatness to which only Shakespeare could have attained, it is a different matter altogether to fix an inferior limit and declare arbitrarily that nothing that falls beneath it can be Shakespeare's.

V. THE QUESTION OF THE TEXT.

The text of *Richard the Third* as it was printed in the Quartos differs widely from that which appeared in the First Folio, the points of variation being at once numerous and remarkable. Each version contains passages not found in the other, the omissions in the Folio being fewer than in the Quartos. Further, the Folio contains many minor alterations, which have been made sometimes to avoid repetition, sometimes to make the metre run more smoothly, sometimes to escape the penalties imposed upon profanity by the Act of

[1] See Miss Jane Lee in *Proceedings of the New Shakspere Society* (1875-76. Part 2). The study of her paper may be commended to those who think that certainty on such points is attainable.

1606, and sometimes for no reason that it is now possible to discover. The result is a formidable accumulation of various readings. In the first 82 lines of Act i. Scene 4, for instance, the Cambridge Editors record nearly 70 variations between the First Quarto and the First Folio. In their Preface they say: "The respective origin and authority of the First Quarto and the First Folio texts of *Richard III.* is perhaps the most difficult question which presents itself to an editor of Shakspeare. In the case of most of the plays a brief survey leads him to form a definite judgment: in this, the most attentive examination scarcely enables him to propose with confidence a hypothetical conclusion." As the text these editors have framed is practically the one adopted in the *Warwick* Series, it will be well to explain briefly the principles on which they have proceeded.

Their hypothesis is that some time after writing the original version, which they call A_1, Shakespeare himself produced a revised version (A_2). Both versions were subsequently copied by other hands, the copyists introducing, accidentally or otherwise, a considerable number of changes in the course of transcription. The Quarto text was printed from the copied manuscript of A_1, the Folio text from the copied manuscript of A_2. On this theory the ideal would be to recover, if possible, the original text of A_2. That is what the Cambridge Editors have tried to do; but they very frequently prefer the reading of the First Quarto, on the ground that the copyist of A_2, "who worked in the spirit, though not with the audacity, of Colley Cibber", emended much more freely than the copyist of A_1. The stage-directions of the Folio are, they admit, "more precise and ample". Other scholars, both in England and Germany, are of opinion that the reading of the Folio is almost invariably to be preferred. The Quartos, they say, were practically pirated editions; for it was not in the interest of the company to which an actor-dramatist belonged, to have his plays printed while they were still being performed. They must have found their way into type by a circuitous route, probably through an old and tattered theatre copy, the gaps in which would be filled

by actors' "gag".[1] The Folio, on the other hand, in the view of these scholars, was printed as nearly as possible directly from Shakespeare's original version, the few omissions being purely accidental. The whole subject is, as the Cambridge Editors say, extremely complex and difficult, and here we can do no more than indicate the conditions of the problem. A full and elaborate statement of both sides of the question will be found in the *Proceedings of the New Shakespere Society* for 1875–76.

[1] This is practically the theory set forth by N. Delius in the *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakesp.-Gesellschaft*, vol. vii. pp. 124, &c. In vol. xv. of the same periodical (pp. 301 ff.) Alex. Schmidt attempts to prove that the text of the First Quarto was not derived from any manuscript at all, but taken down "stenographically" during performances of the play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD the Fourth.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V., } sons to the king.
RICHARD, Duke of York, }

GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, } brothers to the
RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III., } king.

A young son of Clarence.

HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.

CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.

JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY, his son.

EARL RIVERS, brother to Elizabeth.

MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, sons to Elizabeth.

EARL OF OXFORD.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.

LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a priest. Another Priest.

TRESSEL and BERKELEY, gentlemen attending on the Lady Anne.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, queen to King Edward IV.

MARGARET, widow of King Henry VI.

DUCHESS OF YORK, mother to King Edward IV.

LADY ANNE, widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to Richard.

A young Daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET)

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III., Lords and other Attendants; a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE: *England.*

THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

Enter RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *solus.*

Glou. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am cúrtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And déscant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,

I am determined to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: what means this armed guard
That waits upon your grace?
Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
Glou. Upon what cause?
Clar. Because my name is George.
Glou. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these
Have moved his highness to commit me now.
Glou. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women:
'T is not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 't is she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think there 's no man is secure
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?
Glou. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I 'll tell you what; I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men and wear her livery:
The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.
Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.
Glou. Even so; an 't please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man: we say the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?
Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.
Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.
Glou. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
Glou. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Meantime, have patience.
Clar. I must perforce. Farewell.
[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.*
Glou. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
Glou. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glou. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.
Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glou. What news abroad?
Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Glou. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consumed his royal person:
'T is very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Glou. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit Hastings.*
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I 'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I 'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:

Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another street.*

Enter the corpse of KING HENRY the Sixth, Gentlemen *with halberds to guard it;* LADY ANNE *being the mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!
Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursèd the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspéct
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him
As I am made by my poor lord and thee!
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glou. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.
Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.
Glou. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.
Glou. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.
Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their cóngeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 't is thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!
Glou. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.
Glou. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!
Glou. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.
Anne. Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glou. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
Glou. By such despair, I should accuse myself.
Anne. And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excused,
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glou. Say that I slew them not?
Anne. Why, then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glou. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glou. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glou. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?
Glou. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!
Glou. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glou. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Glou. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect.
Glou. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glou. These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!
Glou. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.
Glou. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth you.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that slew my husband.
Glou. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glou. He lives that loves thee better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glou. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glou. The selfsame name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glou. Here. [*She spitteth at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me!
Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!
Glou. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.
Glou. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glou. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspéct with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;

My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to speak.
[*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword.*
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,
But 't was thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch; 't was I that stabb'd young Edward,
But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*Here she lets fall the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
Glou. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.
Glou. Tush, that was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessary.
Anne. I would I knew thy heart.
Glou. 'Tis figured in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me both are false.
Glou. Then never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.
Glou. Say, then, my peace is made.
Anne. That shall you know hereafter.
Glou. But shall I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
Glou. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Anne. To take is not to give.
Glou. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?
Glou. That it would please thee leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place;
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.
Glou. Bid me farewell.
Anne. 'T is more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.*
Glou. Sirs, take up the corse.
Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
Glou. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I 'll have her; but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I nothing to back my suit at all,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?

On me, that halt and am unshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain some score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

Scene III. *The palace.*

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, *and* Lord Grey.

Riv. Have patience, madam: there's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.
Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.
Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Riv. No other harm but loss of such a lord.
Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harm.
Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Q. Eliz. Oh, he is young, and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter Buckingham *and* Derby.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.
Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!
Der. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!
Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Derby,
To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,

And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Der. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accused in true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.
Riv. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Derby?
Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.
Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?
Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.
Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?
Buck. Madam, we did: he desires to make atonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.
Q. Eliz. Would all were well! but that will never be:
I fear our happiness is at the highest.

Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glou. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?
Riv. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?
Glou. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provoked by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,

Which in your outward actions shows itself
Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.
Glou. I cannot tell: the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.
Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloucester;
You envy my advancement and my friends';
God grant we never may have need of you!
Glou. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt; whilst many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.
Q. Eliz. By Him that raised me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glou. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord, for—
Glou. She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may she,—
Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glou. What, marry, may she! marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis your grandam had a worser match.
Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endured.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, *behind.*

Small joy have I in being England's queen.
Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.
Glou. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'T is time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.
Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
Glou. Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.
Q. Mar. Yea, and much better blood than his or thine.
Glou. In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at St. Albans slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.
Glou. Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick;
Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—
Q. Mar. Which God revenge!
Glou. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.
Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,
Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.
Riv. My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king:
So should we you, if you should be our king.
Glou. If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it!
Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,

As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?
O gentle villain, do not turn away!
Glou. Foul, wrinkled witch, what makest thou in my sight?
Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.
Glou. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?
Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou owest to me;
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.
Glou. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.
Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.
Hast. O, 't was the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.
Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
If not by war, by surfeit die your king,

As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!
Glou. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag!
Q. Mar. And leave out thee! stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—
Glou. Margaret.
Q. Mar. Richard!
Glou. Ha!
Q. Mar. I call thee not.
Glou. I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse!
Glou. 'T is done by me, and ends in "Margaret".
Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd toad.
Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.
Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all moved mine.
Riv. Were you well served, you would be taught your duty.
Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!
Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.
Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 't were to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
Glou. Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it, marquess.
Dor. It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.
Glou. Yea, and much more: but I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.
Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest.
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!
Buck. Have done! for shame, if not for charity.
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame:
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!
Buck. Have done, have done.
Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. Mar. I 'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glou. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.
Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess!
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*
Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.
Riv. And so doth mine: I muse why she's at liberty.
Glou. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.
Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
Glou. But you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains:
God pardon them that are the cause of it!
Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.
Glou. So do I ever: [*Aside*] being well advised.
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you;
And for your grace; and you, my noble lords.
Q. Eliz. Catesby, we come. Lords, will you go with us?
Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*
Glou. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Hastings, Derby, Buckingham:
And say it is the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh; and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft! here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

First Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glou. Well thought upon; I have it here about me.
[*Gives the warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

First Murd. Tush!
Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assured
We come to use our hands and not our tongues.

Glou. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears:
I like you, lads; about your business straight;
Go, go, dispatch.

First Murd. We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. The Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,

Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Brak. What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it.
Clar. Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy:
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had: and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?
Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury

Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he squeak'd out aloud,
"Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury:
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!"
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me about, and howlèd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.

Brak. No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted you:
I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
Which now bear evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake: and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone,
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!

[*Clarence sleeps.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imagination,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, betwixt their titles and low names,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

First Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?

First Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. Yea, are you so brief?

Sec. Murd. O sir, it is better to be brief than tedious. Show him our commission; talk no more. [*Brakenbury reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver

The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep:
I 'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd my charge to you.

First Murd. Do so, it is a point of wisdom; fare you well. [*Exit Brakenbury.*

Sec. Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

First Murd. No; then he will say 't was done cowardly, when he wakes.

Sec. Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgment-day.

First Murd. Why, then he will say we stabbed him sleeping.

Sec. Murd. The urging of that word "judgment" hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

First Murd. What, art thou afraid?

Sec. Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us.

First Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

Sec. Murd. So I am, to let him live.

First Murd. Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.

Sec. Murd. I pray thee, stay a while: I hope my holy humour will change; 't was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

Sec. Murd. 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

First Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed is done.

Sec. Murd. 'Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

First Murd. Where is thy conscience now?

Sec. Murd. In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

First Murd. So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

Sec. Murd. Let it go; there 's few or none will entertain it.

First Murd. How if it came to thee again?

Sec. Murd. I 'll not meddle with it: it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it checks him; 't is a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man

that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it.

First Murd. 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

Sec. Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

First Murd. Tut, I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me, I warrant thee.

Sec. Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear?

First Murd. Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then we will chop him in the malmsey-butt in the next room.

Sec. Murd. O excellent device! make a sop of him.

First Murd. Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?

Sec. Murd. No, first let's reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

Sec. Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

Sec. Murd. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

Sec. Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

Sec. Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to—

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

First Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.

Sec. Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where are the evidence that do accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.
First Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.
Sec. Murd. And he that hath commanded is the king.
Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the tables of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou, then,
Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
Sec. Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.
First Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.
Sec. Murd. Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.
First Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?
Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why, sirs,
He sends ye not to murder me for this;
For in this sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be revenged for this deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him.
First Murd. Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?
Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
First Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.
Clar. Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you be hired for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

Sec. Murd. You are deceived, your brother Gloucester hates you.

Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charged us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.

First Murd. Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

First Murd. Right,
As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself:
'T is he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. It cannot be; for when I parted with him,
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

Sec. Murd. Why, so he doth, now he delivers thee
From this world's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

First Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

Sec. Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

First Murd. Relent! 't is cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

Sec. Murd. Look behind you, my lord.

First Murd. Take that, and that: if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [*Exit, with the body.*

Sec. Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter First Murderer.

First Murd. How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art!
Sec. Murd. I would he knew that I had saved his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*
First Murd. So do not I: go, coward as thou art.
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Until the duke take order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I must away;
For this will out, and here I must not stay.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. The palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD *sick*, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others.*

K. Edw. Why, so: now have I done a good day's work:
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.
Riv. By heaven, my heart is purged from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.
Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!
K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king;
Lest he that is the súpreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.
Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!
Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!
K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,

Nor your son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you;
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
Q. Eliz. Here, Hastings; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!
K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love lord marquess.
Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be unviolable.
Hast. And so swear I, my lord. [*They embrace.*
K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
On you or yours [*to the Queen*], but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.
[*They embrace.*
K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.
Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!
K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.
Glou. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege:
Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodged between us;
Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you;
That all without desert have frown'd on me;
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.
Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
Glou. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the noble duke is dead? [*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.
Riv. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?
Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!
Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?
Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no one in this presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.
Glou. But he, poor soul, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter DERBY.

Der. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!
K. Edw. I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.
Der. I will not rise, unless your highness grant.
K. Edw. Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st.
Der. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,

And shall the same give pardon to a slave?
My brother slew no man; his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruel death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised?
Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, 'Dear brother, live, and be a king'?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his own garments, and gave himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh, poor Clarence!
[*Exeunt some with King and Queen.*

Glou. This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the king!
God will revenge it. But come, let us in,
To comfort Edward with our company.

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The palace.*

Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, *with the two children of* CLARENCE.

Boy. Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead?
Duch. No, boy.
Boy. Why do you wring your hands, and beat your breast,
And cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son!'
Girl. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?
Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me much;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that 's lost.
Boy. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With daily prayers, all to that effect.
Girl. And so will I.
Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caused your father's death.
Boy. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloucester
Told me, the king, provoked by the queen,
Devised impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.
Duch. Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile!
He is my son; yea, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?
Duch. Ay, boy.
Boy. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, *with her hair about her ears;* RIVERS *and* DORSET *after her.*

Q. Eliz. Oh, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I 'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?
Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?
Why wither not the leaves, the sap being gone?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief.
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.
Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,
Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,
Thine being but a moiety of my grief,
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries!
Boy. Good aunt, you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
Girl. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!
Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!
Chil. Oh for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!
Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!
Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.
Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.
Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.
Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss!
Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss!
Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss!
Alas, I am the mother of these moans!
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:
Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeased
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things, 't is call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS, *and* RATCLIFF.

Glou. Madam, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace: humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy mind,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glou. [*Aside.*] Amen; and make me die a good old man!
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing:
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.
Glou. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compáct is firm and true in me.
Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urged:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.
Hast. And so say I.
Glou. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you, my mother, will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?
Q. Eliz. } With all our hearts.
Duch. }

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester.*

Buck. My Lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two be behind;
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the king.
Glou. My other self, my counsel's cónsistory,
My oracle, my prophet! My dear cousin,
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *London. A street.*

Enter two Citizens, *meeting.*

First Cit. Neighbour, well met: whither away so fast?
Sec. Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?
First Cit. Ay, that the king is dead.
Sec. Cit. Bad news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear 't will prove a troublous world.

Enter another Citizen.

Third Cit. Neighbours, God speed!
First Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.
Third Cit. Doth this news hold of good King Edward's death?
Sec. Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!
Third Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
First Cit. No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.
Third Cit. Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child!
Sec. Cit. In him there is a hope of government,
That in his nonage council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.
First Cit. So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
Third Cit. Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
First Cit. Why, so hath this, both by the father and mother.
Third Cit. Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all;
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester!
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:
And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
First Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all shall be well.
Third Cit. When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks:
When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'T is more than we deserve, or I expect.
Sec. Cit. Truly, the souls of men are full of dread:
Ye cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of fear.
Third Cit. Before the times of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing dangers; as, by proof, we see

The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
Sec. Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.
Third Cit. And so was I: I 'll bear you company.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *London. The palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, *the young* Duke of York, Queen Elizabeth, *and the* Duchess of York.

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.
Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother: 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloucester,
'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace';
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.
Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious.
Arch. Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is.
Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.
Duch. How, my pretty York? I pray thee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'T was full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duch. I pray thee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wert born.
York. If 't were not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous boy: go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news?
Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.
Q. Eliz. How fares the prince?
Mess. Well, madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news then?
Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners;
Duch. Who hath committed them?
Mess. The mighty dukes
Gloucester and Buckingham.
Q. Eliz. For what offence?
Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclosed;
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.
Q. Eliz. Ay me, I see the downfall of our house!
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne:
Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; blood against blood,
Self against self: O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!
Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.
Duch. I 'll go along with you.
Q. Eliz. You have no cause.
Arch. My gracious lady, go;
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I 'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep: and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Come, I 'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the young PRINCE, *the Dukes of* GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, CATESBY, *and others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.
Glou. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.
Glou. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!
Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.
Glou. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, *and his train.*

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!
Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.
Prince. Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers! Lord cardinal, will your grace

Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.
Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.
Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.
Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?
Hast. I go, my lord.
Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
[*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*
Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?
Glou. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?
Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.
Prince. Is it upon recórd, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?
Buck. Upon recórd, my gracious lord.
Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,

As 't were retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
Glou. [*Aside*] So wise so young, they say, do never live long.
Prince. What say you, uncle?
Glou. I say, without charácters, fame lives long.
[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I 'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—
Buck. What, my gracious lord?
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I 'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.
Glou. [*Aside*] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

Enter young YORK, HASTINGS, *and the* CARDINAL.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.
Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?
York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.
Glou. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glou. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glou. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then is he more beholding to you than I.
Glou. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Glou. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.
Glou. A greater gift than that I 'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift! O, that 's the sword to it.

Glou. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O, then, I see, you will part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.
Glou. It is too heavy for your grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glou. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Glou. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning and so young is wonderful.
Glou. My lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.
York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?
Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glou. Why, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glou. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*A Sennet. Exeunt all but Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby.*

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glou. No doubt, no doubt: O, 't is a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart:

Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way;
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buck. What think'st thou, then, of Stanley? what will he?
Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him and show him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off your talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
Glou. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.
Cate. My good lords, both, with all the heed I may.
Glou. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
Cate. You shall, my lord.
Glou. At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both.
[*Exit Catesby.*
Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Glou. Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do:
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.
Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.
Glou. And look to have it yielded with all willingness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before Lord Hastings' house.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What, ho! my lord!
Hast. [*Within*] Who knocks at the door?
Mess. A messenger from the Lord Stanley.

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Hast. What is't o'clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.
Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?
Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.
Hast. And then?
Mess. And then he sends you word
He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his helm:
Besides, there are two councils held;
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my servant Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:
And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us.
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. My gracious lord, I 'll tell him what you say.
[*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my noble lord;
And I believe 't will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?
Cate. Ay, my good lord.
Hast. I 'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders
Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still mine enemies:
But, that I 'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.
Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
I tell thee, Catesby,—
Cate. What, my lord?
Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
I 'll send some packing that yet think not on it.
Cate. 'T is a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 't will do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.
Cate. The princes both make high account of you;
[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.
Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?
Stan. My lord, good morrow; good morrow, Catesby:
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.
Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;

And never in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 't is now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and supposed their state was sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads
Than some that have accused them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I 'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.*
How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now
Than when I met thee last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies:
But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.
[*Throws him his purse.*

Purs. God save your lordship! [*Exit.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath and I will content you.
[*He whispers in his ear.*

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?
Buck. I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay:
I shall return before your lordship thence.
Hast. 'T is like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. [*Aside*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you go?
Hast. I 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Pomfret Castle.*

Enter SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF, *with halberds, carrying* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *to death.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.
Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.
Vaug. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.
Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.
Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.
Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.
Riv. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buckingham,
Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.
Rat. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.
Riv. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all embrace:
And take our leave, until we meet in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *The Tower of London.*

Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, *the* Bishop of Ely, Ratcliff, Lovel, *with others, and take their seats at a table.*

Hast. My lords, at once: the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.
In God's name, speak: when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things fitting for that royal time?
Der. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?
Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. Who, I, my lord! we know each other's faces,
But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine,
Than I of yours;
Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I 'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he 'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. Now in good time, here comes the duke himself.
Glou. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper; but, I hope,
My absence doth neglect no great designs,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.
Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.
Glou. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
Hast. I thank your grace.
Glou. My lord of Ely!
Ely. My lord?
Glou. When I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit.*
Glou. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Drawing him aside.*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
As he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.
Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow you.
[*Exit Gloucester, Buckingham following.*
Der. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent for these strawberries.
Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day;
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
I think there's never a man in Christendom
That can less hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Der. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood he show'd to-day?
Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.
Der. I pray God he be not, I say.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Glou. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?
Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.
Glou. Then be your eyes the witness of this ill:
See how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,—
Glou. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Tellest thou me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor:
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.
[*Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff, and Lovel.*
Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly:
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And startled when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As 't were triúmphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!
Rat. Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.
Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hopes in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 't is bootless to exclaim.
Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Tower-walls.*

Enter GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glou. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,

And then begin again, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?
Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?
Glou. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Mayor *and* CATESBY.

Buck. Lord mayor,—
Glou. Look to the drawbridge there!
Buck. Hark! a drum.
Glou. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—
Glou. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!
Glou. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

Enter LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF, *with* HASTINGS' *head.*

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
Glou. So dear I loved the man that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breathed upon this earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,
He lived from all attainder of suspect.
Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever lived.
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it you, the subtle traitor
This day had plotted in the council-house
To murder me and my good lord of Gloucester?
May. What, had he so?
Glou. What, think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,

But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforced us to this execution?
May. Now, fair befall you! he deserved his death;
And you, my good lords both, have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.
Glou. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his death;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.
May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this cause.
Glou. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the carping censures of the world.
Buck. But since you come too late of our intents,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend;
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell. [*Exit Mayor.*
Glou. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:
There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretched to their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France;

And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
But touch this sparingly, as 't were far off;
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.
Buck. Fear not, my lord, I 'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.
Glou. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.
Buck. I go: and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [*Exit.*
Glou. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw:
[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*
Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
At any time have recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

Scene VI. *The same. A street.*

Enter a Scrivener, *with a paper in his hand.*

Scriv. This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be this day read over in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me;
The precedent was full as long a-doing:
And yet within these five hours lived Lord Hastings,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here 's a good world the while! Why, who 's so gross,
That seeth not this palpable device?
Yet who 's so blind, but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought. [*Exit.*

Scene VII *Baynard's Castle.*

Enter Gloucester *and* Buckingham, *at several doors.*

Glou. How now, my lord, what say the citizens?
Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum and speak not a word.
Glou. Touched you the bastardy of Edward's children?
Buck. I did; with his contráct with Lady Lucy,
And his contráct by deputy in France;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke:
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse:
And when mine oratory grew to an end,
I bid them that did love their country's good
Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'
Glou. Ah! and did they so?
Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statuas or breathing stones,
Gazed each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to but by the récorder.
Then he was urged to tell my tale again,
'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd';
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At the lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried 'God save King Richard!'
And thus I took the vantage of those few,
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I;
'This general applause and loving shout
Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard':
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glou. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?
Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.
Glou. Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?
Buck. The mayor is here at hand: intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I 'll build a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our request:
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.
Glou. I go; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we 'll bring it to a happy issue.
Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.
[*Exit Gloucester.*

Enter the Mayor *and* Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter CATESBY.

Here comes his servant: how now, Catesby,
What says he?
Cate. My lord, he doth entreat your grace
To visit him to-morrow or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buck. Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,
In deep designs and matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.
Cate. I 'll tell him what you say, my lord.
[*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this gracious prince

Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.
May. Marry, God forbid his grace should say us nay!
Buck. I fear he will.

Re-enter CATESBY.

How now, Catesby, what says your lord?
Cate. My lord,
He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to speak with him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, I come in perfect love to him;
And so once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit Catesby.*
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 't is hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOUCESTER *aloft, between two* Bishops. CATESBY *returns.*

May. See, where he stands between two clergymen!
Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince
Lend favourable ears to our request;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.
Glou. My lord, there needs no such apology:
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.
Glou. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your grace,
At our entreaties, to amend that fault!
Glou. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Then know, it is your fault that you resign
The súpreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glou. I know not whether to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As my ripe revenue and due by birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatness,

Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thanked, there's no need of me,
And much I need to help you, if need were;
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him!
Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first he was contráct to Lady Lucy—
Your mother lives a witness to that vow—
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-crazed mother of a many children,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his lustful eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loathed bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners term the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.
May. Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.
Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.
Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!
Glou. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all estates,—
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.—
Come, citizens: 'zounds! I 'll entreat no more.
Glou. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.
[*Exit Buckingham with the Citizens.*
Cate. Call them again, my lord, and accept their suit.
Another. Do, good my lord, lest all the land do rue it.
Glou. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them again. I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM *and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire thereof.
May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.
Glou. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Buck. Then I salute you with this kingly title:
Long live Richard, England's royal king!
May. and Cit. Amen.
Buck. To-morrow will it please you to be crown'd?
Glou. Even when you please, since you will have it so.
Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace:
And so most joyfully we take our leave.
Glou. Come, let us to our holy task again.
Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, *and* MARQUESS OF DORSET; *on the other,* ANNE, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, *leading* LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S *young daughter.*

Duch. Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!
Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?
Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.
Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together.

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?
Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them:
The king hath straitly charged the contrary.
Q. Eliz. The king! why, who's that?
Brak. I cry you mercy: I mean the lord protector.
Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds betwixt their love and me?
I am their mother; who should keep me from them?
Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
Brak. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit.*

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,

And reverend looker on, of two fair queens.
[*To Anne*] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.
Q. Eliz. O, cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon
With this dead-killing news!
Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!
Dor. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your grace?
Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence!
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:
Go, hie thee, ~~hie thee from~~ this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
To meet you on the way, and welcome you.
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.
Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous.
Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.
Anne. And I in all unwillingness will go.
I would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen!
Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.
Anne. No! why? When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands
Which issued from my other angel husband
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish: 'Be thou', quoth I, 'accursed,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—

As miserable by the life of thee
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!'
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words
And proved the subject of my own soul's curse,
Which ever since hath kept my eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,
But have been waked by his timorous dreams.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

Q. Eliz. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it!

Duch. [*To Dorset*] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

[*To Anne*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee!

[*To Q. Eliz.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
Whom envy hath immured within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London. The palace.*

Sennet. Enter RICHARD, *in pomp, crowned;* BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a* Page, *and others.*

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham!

Buck. My gracious sovereign?

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. [*Here he ascendeth his throne.*] Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:
But shall we wear these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they and for ever may they last!
K. Rich. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed:
Young Edward lives: think now what I would say.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.
K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'tis so: but Edward lives.
Buck. True, noble prince.
K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live true noble prince!
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What sayest thou? speak suddenly; be brief.
Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,
Before I positively speak herein:
I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit.*
Cate. [*Aside to a stander by*] The king is angry: see, he bites the lip.
K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes:
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy!
Page. My lord?
K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?
Page. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
K. Rich. What is his name?
Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.
K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither.
[*Exit Page.*
The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel:
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter STANLEY.

How now! what news with you?

Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's fled
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the sea
Where he abides. [*Stands apart.*

K. Rich. Catesby!

Cate. My lord?

K. Rich. Rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die:
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out
That Anne my wife is sick and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
[*Exit Catesby.*

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin:
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, *with* TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Ay, my lord;
But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:
Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear: [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

Tyr. 'T is done, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we sleep?
Tyr. Ye shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.
K. Rich. Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I hear that news, my lord.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son: well, look to it.
Buck. My lord, I claim your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford and the moveables
The which you promised I should possess.
K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buck. What says your highness to my just demand?
K. Rich. As I remember, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king, perhaps, perhaps,—
Buck. My lord!
K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—
K. Rich. Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
the mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord!
K. Rich. Ay, what 's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.
K. Rich. Well, but what 's o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.
K. Rich. Tut, tut,
Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.
[*Exeunt all but Buckingham.*

Buck. Is it even so? rewards he my true service
With such deep contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch act of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad stories.
'Lo, thus', quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes':
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once', quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind;
But O! the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;
Whilst Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloody king.
And here he comes.

Enter KING RICHARD.

All hail, my sovereign liege!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done, my lord.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But how or in what place I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,

And thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till soon. [*Exit Tyrrel.*
The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good-night.
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly o'er the crown,
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord!
K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?
Cate. Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army.
Come, I have heard that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Come, muster men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Before the palace.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine adversaries.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings
And hear your mother's lamentation!
Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.
Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet.
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.
Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?
Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.
Duch. Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and recórd of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood!
Q. Eliz. O, that thou wouldst as well afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
O, who hath any cause to mourn but I? [*Sitting down by her.*
Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my woes frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.
Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood,
That foul defacer of God's handiwork,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,

How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!
Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss:
Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd away.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!
Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!
Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering index of a direful pageant;
One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes;
A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A sign of dignity, a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues to thee and cries 'God save the queen'?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;

For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my weary neck,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:
These English woes will make me smile in France.
Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!
Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse:
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.
Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!
Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit.*
Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?
Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart.
Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, which thy two sweet sons smother'd.
I hear his drum: be copious in exclaims.

Enter KING RICHARD, *marching, with drums and trumpets.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts my expedition?
Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!
Q. Eliz. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be graven, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,

And the dire death of my two sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?
Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?
Q. Eliz. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?
K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duch. Art thou my son?
K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.
Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duch. O, let me speak!
K. Rich. Do then, but I'll not hear.
Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my speech.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.
Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company?
K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Strike up the drum.
Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.
K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.
Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.
K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to all.

K. Rich. Stay, madam; I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no moe sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I 'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I 'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is only safest in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destined to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you or yours were by me wrong'd!
Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?
K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.
Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?
K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.
Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
K. Rich. Even all I have; yea, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.
Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.
Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.
K. Rich. What do you think?
Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul:
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.
K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And mean to make her queen of England.
Q. Eliz. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who should be else?
Q. Eliz. What, thou?
K. Rich. I, even I: what think you of it, madam?
Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. That would I learn of you,
As one that are best acquainted with her humour.
Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Q. Eliz. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply she will weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement force her not to love,
Send her a story of thy noble acts;
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; yea, and, for her sake,
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. Come, come, you mock me; this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I 'll give it to your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times

Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chástisèd
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Say that the king, which may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. So long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.
K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—
Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.
K. Rich. I swear—
Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath:
The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour;
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory.
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.
K. Rich. Now, by the world—
Q. Eliz. 'T is full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself—
Q. Eliz. Thyself thyself misusest.
K. Rich. Why, then, by God—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The unity the king thy brother made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain:
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,
Had graced the tender temples of my child,
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender playfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?
K. Rich. The time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come: for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck

To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to this land and me,
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, good mother,—I must call you so—
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.
Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.
Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?
K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.
Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Q. Eliz. I go. Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.
K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, farewell.
[*Exit Queen Elizabeth.*
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following.*

How now! what news?
Rat. My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back:
'T is thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.
K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?
Cate. Here, my lord.
K. Rich. Fly to the duke: [*To Ratcliff*] Post thou to Salisbury:
When thou comest thither,—[*To Catesby*] Dull, unmindful villain,
Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty sovereign, let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby: bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me presently at Salisbury.
Cate. I go. [*Exit.*
Rat. What is't your highness' pleasure I shall do at Salisbury?
K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?
Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.
K. Rich. My mind is changèd, sir, my mind is changed.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

How now, what news with you?
Stan. None good, my lord, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.
K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
Why dost thou run so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way?
Once more, what news?
Stan. Richmond is on the seas.
K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
K. Rich. Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess?
Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
He makes for England, there to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what doth he upon the sea?
Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.
K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-cónducting the rebels from their ships?
Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
K. Rich. Cold friends to Richard: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty sovereign:
Please it your majesty to give me leave,
I 'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond;
I will not trust you, sir.
Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:
I never was nor never will be false.
K. Rich. Well,
Go muster men; but, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you. [*Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advértisèd,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many moe confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Sec. Mess. My liege, in Kent the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Third Mess. My lord, the army of the Duke of Buckingham—
K. Rich. Out on you, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*He striketh him.*
Take that, until thou bring me better news.
Third Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.
K. Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?
Third Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Fourth Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset,
'T is said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hoised sail and made away for Brittany.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Lord Derby's house.*

Enter DERBY *and* SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:
That in the sty of this most bloody boar
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Der. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many moe of noble fame and worth:

And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Der. Return unto thy lord; commend me to him:
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Salisbury. An open place.*

Enter the Sheriff, *and* BUCKINGHAM, *with halberds, led to execution.*

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?
Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my lord.
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day that, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies;
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him I trusted most;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determined respite of my wrongs:
That high All-Seer that I dallied with
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head;
'When he', quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess'.

Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The camp near Tamworth.*

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, HERBERT, *and others, with drum and colours.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.
Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.
Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.
Blunt. He hath no friends but who are friends for fear,
Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.
Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Bosworth Field.*

Enter KING RICHARD *in arms, with* NORFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch your tents, even here in Bosworth field.
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,—
Nor. Here, most gracious liege

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent there! here will I lie to-night;
But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the foe?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalion trebles that account;
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse party want.
Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the field;
Call for some men of sound direction:
Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, *and others. Some of the* Soldiers *pitch Richmond's tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength.
My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou go'st,
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know?
Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
Which well I am assured I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.
Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And give him from me this most needful scroll.
Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business:
In to our tent; the air is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, CATESBY, *and others.*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?
Cate. It's supper-time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Catesby!
Cate. My lord?
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. [*Exit Catesby.*
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff!
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.
K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my lord.
K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.
[*Exeunt Ratcliff and the other Attendants.*

Enter DERBY *to* RICHMOND *in his tent, Lords and others attending.*

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?
Der. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,—
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!
Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt all but Richmond.*
O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in the victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*

Enter the Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, *son to* HENRY the Sixth.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of HENRY the Sixth.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower and me: despair, and die!
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!
[*To Richmond*] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghost of CLARENCE.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!—
[*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee:
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN.

Ghost of R. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair, and die!
Ghost of G. [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!
Ghost of V. [*To Richard*] Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!
All. [*To Richmond*] Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him! awake, and win the day!

Enter the Ghost of HASTINGS.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

Enter the Ghosts of the two young PRINCES.

Ghosts. [*To Richard*] Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!
[*To Richmond*] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of LADY ANNE.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
Dream of success and happy victory!
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of BUCKINGHAM.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!
[*To Richmond*] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse: bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am:
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord!
K. Rich. 'Zounds! who is there?
Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.
K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers

Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I 'll play the eaves-dropper,
To see if any mean to shrink from me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords *to* RICHMOND, *sitting in his tent.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond!
Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my lord?
Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on victory:
I promise you, my soul is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
Lords. Upon the stroke of four.
Richm. Why, then 't is time to arm and give direction.

His oration to his Soldiers.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,

Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;
God and St. George! Richmond and victory! [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smiled and said 'The better for our purpose'.

K. Rich. He was in the right; and so indeed it is.
[*Clock striketh.*

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.
Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for by the book
He should have braved the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.
Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle; caparison my horse.
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st thou, Norfolk?
Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning.
[*He sheweth him a paper.*
K. Rich. [*Reads*] 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'
A thing devised by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His oration to his Army.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let 's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretons; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And in recórd, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? [*Drum afar off.*] Hark! I hear their drum.
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!
Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum: excursions. Enter NORFOLK *and forces fighting; to him* CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I 'll help you to a horse.
K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter RICHARD *and* RICHMOND; *they fight.* RICHARD *is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter* RICHMOND, DERBY *bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.*

Richm. God and your arms be praised, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all!
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?
Der. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?
Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.
Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births:
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us:
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red:
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long have frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say amen! [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

In the Appendix on Prosody an attempt has been made to discuss all lines presenting any important metrical peculiarity. A separate index of such lines has been compiled (pp. 200–2), and, in view of this, comparatively few references to metrical difficulties will be found in the Notes.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

As was pointed out in the *Introduction*, Shakespeare, while allowing himself great latitude in matters of chronology, has in other respects adhered pretty faithfully to the narrative of his historical authorities. The following brief summary indicates the main facts to be borne in mind by readers of *Richard III.*

When Edward III. died in 1377, he was succeeded by his grandson, Richard II., son of the Black Prince. Richard proved weak and incompetent, and in 1399 was easily overthrown by his cousin, Henry of Lancaster, eldest son of John of Gaunt, who again had been the fourth son of Edward III. The victor, who took the title of Henry IV., reigned until his death in 1413. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Henry V., whose brilliant reign was cut short by his early death in 1422. Henry V.'s only child, Henry VI., who now became king, was a mere infant when his father died. In the latter part of his long reign (1422–1461) the Wars of the Roses commenced, the standard of revolt being raised in 1455 by Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York. York was a man of much more character and ability than Henry, and he based his claim to the throne on hereditary right, inasmuch as he was descended both from the *third* and from the fifth son of Edward III., while his rival was descended only from the fourth. At first the Yorkists carried all before them, but in 1460 the Lancastrians won a victory at Wakefield, where York himself was slain, while his son, the Earl of Rutland, was cruelly murdered after the battle.

King Edward IV., eldest son of the Duke of York, now became head of the Yorkist party. He was at this time a mere youth, having been born in 1442. A victory at Mortimer's Cross in 1461, even though followed almost immediately by a Yorkist defeat at St. Alban's ("Margaret's battle"), led to his being offered the crown, and on March 4th of that year he assumed the title of king. The strife, however, still continued, and it was not until 1471 that the Lancastrians were finally crushed at Tewkesbury. In this last battle

Prince Edward, only child of Henry VI., was killed, and shortly afterwards Henry himself was murdered in the Tower. Henceforth Edward reigned as an absolute monarch till his death in April, 1483.

Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V., was born in the Sanctuary, Westminster, 4th November, 1470, at a very critical period in the history of his father, who had just been compelled to fly from his kingdom owing to a formidable rebellion headed by Warwick, the King Maker. After his father's death in 1483, young Edward was proclaimed king. But the council which decided on this step was rent by very serious divisions. Gloucester, the new king's uncle, treacherously seized Earl Rivers and Lord Grey, the most prominent members of the party to which Edward III.'s widow belonged. At the same time he got his nephew into his power. The widowed queen, with the rest of her children, took sanctuary at Westminster. This was on 1st May. Three days later Gloucester brought his nephew, who was now little more than a prisoner, into London, when he was lodged in the Tower, and his uncle appointed Protector. On June 26th Richard took his seat on the throne in Westminster Hall, having virtually elected himself king, and on 6th July following he was crowned. Soon afterwards young Edward was murdered in his prison.

Richard, Duke of York, second son of Edward IV., was born in 1474. It is pretty certain that he shared the fate of his brother in the Tower, although the bodies were never found (see note on iv. 3. 29 f.). But for a long time some doubt existed as to his death, and it was he who was afterwards personated by Perkin Warbeck.

George, Duke of Clarence, a younger brother of Edward IV., was born in 1449. He married Isabella Neville, the eldest daughter of the King Maker and the sister of Lady Anne who appears in this play. His connection with Warwick was no doubt partly responsible for the vacillating and discreditable part played by Clarence in the Wars of the Roses (i. 4. 208 ff.). His wife died in 1476. Two years later he was himself impeached, on the charge of high treason, before the House of Lords. A very plausible indictment was framed against him, in which he was accused of aiming at the next succession to the crown by underhand means. He was condemned and put to death in the Tower (1478). The story that he was drowned in a malmsey-butt is not properly authenticated; nor is it certain that his end was in any way due to Richard's intrigues.

Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III., another brother of Edward IV., was born in 1452. The manner in which he made his way to the throne has already been hinted at, and it will be found set forth in detail in the play. In spite of his cruelty he was an able soldier and a capable statesman. He reigned for only two years, being killed at the battle of Bosworth in August, 1485.

A young son of Clarence. This was Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, the strength of whose hereditary claim to the crown roused the jealousy first of his uncle, Richard III., and then of Henry VII. He spent a large part of his life in prison, and was ultimately beheaded by Henry in 1499. In 1487 he was personated by Lambert Simnel.

Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII., the grandson of Owen Tudor and Katharine, widow of Henry V., was descended on the mother's side from John of Gaunt (see note on i. 3. 20), and so claimed the crown as representative of the House of Lancaster. He had been born in 1457, and had spent most of his early life as a refugee at the court of Brittany. After his victory at Bosworth in 1485 he was crowned king, and a few months later he married Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV. and heiress of the House of York, a union which ended the struggle between the rival Roses. He reigned till his death in 1509. It is difficult to recognize the able and unscrupulous Henry VII. of history in Shakespeare's Richmond, a brave and chivalrous, if somewhat colourless and uninteresting, hero.

Cardinal Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, became Primate in 1454, and died in 1486. It fell to him to crown three kings—Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII., and it was he who married Henry VII. to Elizabeth of York.

Thomas Rotherham, Archbishop of York, was at one time a fellow of King's College, Cambridge. He is buried in the Minster at York.

John Morton, Bishop of Ely (1420?–1500), at one time a member of Balliol College, Oxford, was an active promoter of the rebellions against Richard III., who evidently regarded him as a dangerous foe (iv. 3. 49). After the victory of Bosworth he became one of the most influential men in England, being promoted to the see of Canterbury in 1486, and made Lord Chancellor in the following year. He was the trusted counsellor of Henry VII., and materially aided him in devising means of extortion. His connection with Sir Thomas More has been alluded to in the *Introduction* (p. 11).

Duke of Buckingham. This was Henry Stafford, who, being descended through the female line from the sixth son of Edward III., was the nearest heir to the crown after Richmond. It was chiefly through his influence and active co-operation that Richard was able to usurp the throne. Even before the coronation, however, ill-feeling seems to have arisen between them, and after the murder of the young princes Buckingham decided to support Richmond's claims. In 1483 he headed an abortive rebellion, and was afterwards betrayed to Richard and promptly executed.

Duke of Norfolk. This was Sir John Howard, who had held many important posts under Edward IV., but who afterwards transferred his allegiance from Edward V. to the usurper Richard III.

He proved faithful to his new master, and fell by Richard's side at the Battle of Bosworth.

Earl of Surrey, son of the preceding, led Richard's archers at Bosworth. After Henry VII.'s accession Surrey was imprisoned in the Tower for three and a half years, but was subsequently restored to his title and his lands. It was he who commanded the English army at Flodden (1513).

Earl Rivers, brother to Elizabeth. This was Antony Woodville, Lord Scales. He was one of the most learned men of his time, and a patron of Caxton. The circumstances that led to his execution are fully explained in the play.

Marquis of Dorset, son to Elizabeth, the eldest of Edward IV.'s stepsons, narrowly escaped death when his brother and his uncle Rivers were seized and beheaded. He took sanctuary at this time and subsequently made his escape to Brittany. He returned to England after the battle of Bosworth, but never played any considerable part in history. He was an ancestor of Lady Jane Grey.

Lord Grey, son to Elizabeth. This was Lord Richard Grey. The play tells how he shared his uncle's fate.

Earl of Oxford. This was John de Vere, who held an important command on the Lancastrian side at the battle of Barnet (1471). He surrendered to Edward IV. in 1473, and was imprisoned for twelve years in a castle in Picardy. In 1485 he succeeded in escaping, joined Richmond, and led the vanguard of the Lancastrian army at Bosworth. He died in 1513.

Lord Hastings was a faithful adherent of the House of York. Although he appears to have been on bad terms with the relatives of Queen Elizabeth, yet on the death of Edward IV. he refused to allow Edward V. to be thrust aside. Richard had him executed, without any form of trial, on June 13th, 1483.

Lord Stanley, called also Earl of Derby. This was Thomas Stanley who was Steward of the Household to Edward IV. He married (1) Helena Neville, a sister of the King Maker; (2) the Countess Richmond, mother of Henry VII. (see note on i. 3. 20). Richard seems to have distrusted him deeply, but he never took active measures against him. The part played by Stanley at Bosworth is described in Act v.

Lord Lovel, a strong partisan of Richard III. and afterwards a supporter of Lambert Simnel, was a person of some importance during Richard's reign. He (with Catesby and Ratcliff) was attacked in the lampoon of Collingbourne, which begins:—

> "The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel our Dog,
> Doe rule all England, under the Hog".

Sir Thomas Vaughan, a constant and faithful attendant on Edward V. almost from his infancy, was executed at Pomfret by Richard's orders.

Sir Richard Ratcliff, one of Richard's most trusted instruments, fell by his master's side at Bosworth.

Sir William Catesby, who was really only an esquire of the body, never a knight, held several important offices under Richard, including the Speakership in Richard's only Parliament. It is probable that he was executed after the battle of Bosworth. It was one of his descendants who was a leader in the Gunpowder Plot.

Sir James Tyrrel was afterwards a supporter of Perkin Warbeck. He was arrested for his treason, and confessed that both the princes had been murdered in 1483. He was executed in 1502.

Lord Mayor of London. This was Edmund Shaw, Lord Mayor in 1483. In the *Chronicle* his brother, Doctor Shaw, figures as preaching at St. Paul's Cross a sermon in which the children of Edward IV., as well as Edward himself, were denounced as illegitimate, his text being "Bastard plants shall take no deep root, nor lay any fast foundation" (*Wisdom of Solomon*, iv. 3).

Elizabeth, queen to King Edward IV., was born in 1437. She became the wife of Sir John Grey, who died of wounds received at St. Albans (see note on i. 3. 128) in 1461. In 1464 Edward married her in spite of the strong opposition of his mother (see on iii. 7. 189). After the death of her husband and the passing of an Act declaring her children illegitimate, she opened negotiations with Richmond, but subsequently accepted Richard's protection. Finally she retired to Bermondsey, where she died in 1492.

Margaret, widow of King Henry VI., was the daughter of René, Duke of Anjou. She was married to Henry VI. in 1445. Being a woman of great energy and ability she was for many years the real head of the Lancastrian party. After the decisive defeat of Tewkesbury (1471) she was captured, and remained a prisoner till 1476. In that year she was ransomed for 50,000 gold crowns, and returned to France. She died in 1482, and her appearances in this play are therefore quite unhistorical (see *Introduction*, p. 12).

Duchess of York, mother to King Edward IV., died in 1495. Her age is purposely exaggerated in the play (see note on iv. 1. 96).

Lady Anne. This was Anne Neville, youngest daughter of the King Maker. She was born in 1456, and in 1470 she was betrothed to Edward, eldest son of Henry VI. The marriage was never actually solemnized (see note on i. 1. 154), and Edward was killed at Tewkesbury in the following year. Anne subsequently married Richard (1473), who is said to have been attached to her in early life. She had one son, who died at the age of ten (1484), after he had been created Prince of Wales. She only survived her bereavement a few months, dying in 1485. There is no reason to suppose that Richard made away with her, as is suggested by Shakespeare. But he certainly lost no time in seeking another wife (iv. 4).

A young Daughter of Clarence. See note on iv. 3. 37.

Act I.—Scene I.

This scene does more than merely start the action. It is at once a guide to the course the play is to take, and an epitome of the character of the principal figure. In the soliloquies we are frankly let into the secret of Richard's designs, and are shown what manner of man he is—bold in action, unscrupulous, a stranger to ordinary human sympathy; in the interviews with Clarence and with Hastings we see the means by which he is to work out his ends—above all, his hypocrisy and his consummate power of dissimulation. The simplicity of this method of opening is quite in keeping with the general character of the play: Shakespeare had not yet reached the fulness of his powers. It should be compared with the more artistic methods employed in beginning the greater dramas.

1. **Now**: *i.e.* after the Battle of Tewkesbury, and the murder of Henry VI.

2. **sun of York**: an allusion to Edward IV.'s device of a blazing sun. For the obvious word-play cf. i. 3. 266–7.

6. **bruised**: pronounced here *bruis-èd*. *Richard III.* is remarkable for the number of cases in which the metre requires us to give syllabic value to the *-ed* of a past indicative or past participle, that is not usually sounded as a separate syllable. The ear is a safe guide.

monuments, memorials. So in *Lucrece* (l. 798), "tears" and "groans" are called "poor wasting monuments of lasting moans". Notice how many words in this and the two following lines begin with the letter *m*. Such alliteration is common in the play.

7. **alarums**. See Glossary.

8. **measures**: either 'dances' or 'music for dances'. Observe the twofold alliteration in this line.

9. **front**, forehead.

10. **barbed**, armed for battle (of horses). See Glossary.

12. **He**, *i.e.* "grim-visaged war". Probably, however, there is an indirect allusion to the "evil diet" of the king, which is openly spoken of in ll. 73 ff. and 139 ff.

13. **pleasing**: used here in the sense of 'good pleasure', 'will'.

14. Observe how Richard dwells upon his personal deformity and seeks in it a justification for the line of action he is going to adopt. Cf. *Third Part of Henry VI.* (v. 6. 78)—

> "Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
> Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it".

According to Holinshed, Richard was "litle of stature, ill-featured of limmes, crooke backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard favoured of visage". There is good reason to believe that much of this description is Lancastrian exaggeration. (Cf. *Introduction*, p. 11.)

15. amorous looking-glass. Schmidt explains this to mean "a looking-glass which reflects a face fond of itself". But perhaps the phrase will hardly bear such definite analysis. Rather it is one of those cases—not uncommon in Shakespeare—in which the influence of the adjective, instead of being confined to the word it qualifies grammatically, makes itself felt throughout the sentence. Other instances in the play are, "Some *patient* leisure" (i. 2. 82); "I lay unto the *grievous* charge of others" (i. 3. 326). There is a good example in *Macbeth*, i. 3. 155—

"let us speak
Our *free* hearts each to other".

16. stamp'd. The metaphor is probably from striking a coin. See on i. 3. 256.

love's majesty: the dignity of bearing that the "nymph" would look for in her lover.

17. ambling. 'Amble' is used in the first instance of the easy gait (*ambulare*) of a horse or mule; then it comes to mean 'to walk in an affected way'.

18. this, *i.e.* the "proportion" that is required for success in such affairs.

19. feature. See Glossary.

dissembling, deceitful, fraudulent. Cf. i. 2. 185; ii. 2. 31.

21. breathing world, world of life.

22. unfashionable. When two adverbs are closely united, it is not uncommon to find the termination of one of them omitted. Cf. iii. 4. 50.

23. halt, limp.

24. piping time. "The spirit-stirring drum" and "the ear-piercing fife" were appropriate to war (*Othello*, iii. 3. 352); the tabor and the pipe to peace (*Much Ado*, ii. 3. 15).

27. descant: here used in its ordinary sense. But see Glossary.

29. entertain. See Glossary.

well-spoken days, days when fair speeches and smooth words were in vogue.

32 ff. There is no reliable evidence that Richard was responsible for the quarrel between the King and Clarence. Holinshed lays the whole blame upon Edward's jealousy. He says, indeed, that "some wise men also weene" that Richard's policy "lacked not in helping foorth his brother of Clarence to his death": but immediately adds that "of all this point is there no certeintie, and whoso divineth upon conjectures, may as well shoot too farre as too short". This, then, is one of the matters in which Shakespeare goes beyond his authorities. (Cf. *Introduction*, p. 12.) And the dramatic motive is obvious. To make the death of Clarence part of Richard's scheme for gaining the crown was a distinct advance in the direction of

unity of action—the only one of the 'three unities' that has any real validity.

32. **inductions**, introductions, beginnings. Cf. iv. 4. 5.

36. So in *Lear* (i. 2. 195) Edmund speaks of having

> "a brother noble,
> Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
> That he suspects none: on whose foolish honesty
> My practices ride easy".

38. **mew'd up.** See Glossary.

39 f. Holinshed alludes to this story of the "prophecy", but is evidently sceptical as to its authenticity. He adds that those who believed in its genuineness were able to point out that it had actually been fulfilled: "G" is the first letter of 'Gloucester' as well as of 'George'.

44. **Tendering**, setting a high value on. Cf. ii. 4. 72, and iv. 4. 405. The verb is derived from the adjective.

45. **conduct**, escort. The word is obsolete in this sense except in the phrase 'safe-conduct'.

49. **belike**, in all likelihood. See Glossary.

50. **new-christen'd.** Richard's sarcastic phrase undoubtedly contains an allusion to the manner of Clarence's death. As, however, the decision to "chop him in the malmsey butt" (i. 4. 161) was arrived at on the impulse of the moment, and could not have been known beforehand to Richard, the allusion is an instance of 'tragic irony', for which see note on i. 2. 26 ff.

55. **cross-row**, the alphabet. In the old hornbooks the figure of a cross was prefixed to the alphabet, which thus came to be called 'the Christ-cross-row'.

58. **for**, because. Cf. ii. 2. 95, and other instances.

60. **toys**, silly thoughts. Cf. *Othello*, iii. 4. 156, "No jealous toy concerning you". In iii. 1. 114 of our play the word has a slightly different sense.

62. **this it is**, this is what happens.

65. **tempers him to this extremity**, persuades him to take such harsh measures. See Glossary (*temper*).

66. **worship**, position, dignity. Cf. the adjective 'worshipful', and the phrase 'Your worship' as a form of address.

67. **Woodville**: a trisyllable here. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 179, l. 18.

73. Jane Shore was the most famous of Edward IV.'s mistresses. She was the wife of a London citizen, to whom she had been married when a mere girl. Holinshed says she had great personal

attractions. "Yet delighted men not so much in hir beautie, as in hir pleasant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could both read well and write, merrie in companie, readie and quicke of answer." After Edward's death she accepted the protection first of Lord Hastings, and subsequently of the Marquess of Dorset. More tells us she was alive when he wrote his history.

78. **our way**, the way for us.

81. **o'erworn widow.** The queen was a widow when Edward married her (cf. iii. 7. 183 ff.). Hence the contemptuous use of the word here and in l. 109. The epithet *o'erworn* has a similar significance. It can hardly refer to Elizabeth's age; she was born in 1437.

82. **dubb'd them gentlewomen.** Jane Shore was never in any way ennobled, and the queen was a 'gentlewoman' to begin with. But doubtless their association with the king gave them great influence, and Richard need mean no more than this.

83. **gossips.** See Glossary.

85. **given in charge**, ordered, charged.

92. **struck.** See Glossary. For the scansion see *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 183, l. 25.

103. **withal.** See Glossary.

106. **abjects.** See Glossary. Probably the word is intended to suggest 'subjects' here.

110. **enfranchise**, set free. See Glossary.

115. **lie**, be imprisoned. Mr. Wright suggests that a play upon words is intended. Cf. *Hamlet*, v. 1. 131 ff., and the famous epigram on the Tichborne claimant ("He that lied in court, still lies in jail").

122. **time of day.** 'To pass the time of day' is still used colloquially of a casual salutation. The general expression is, however, no longer employed as a greeting; we say 'Good morning', 'Good afternoon', or 'Good evening', as the case may be. The full form of the phrase occurs in iv. 1, 5, 6. For other abbreviations see on ii. 3. 6.

131. **on**, against.

132. Delius says that "the eagle" is Hastings. But is it not rather Clarence? (Cf. i. 3. 264.) The "kites and buzzards" are obviously the queen's kindred, who, as a new aristocracy, were unpopular with those who felt their growing power.

137. **fear him**, are anxious about him. This sense is common in Shakespeare, being found even in the passive voice, *e.g. First Part of King Henry IV.* (iv. 1. 24), "He was much feared by his physicians".

138. **by Saint Paul**: Richard's favourite oath.

139. **diet**, manner of life. (Greek, δίαιτα.)

148. **steel'd**, made firm and strong.

153. **Warwick's youngest daughter**, Lady Anne. Her betrothed, Prince Edward of Lancaster, was slain at Tewkesbury, and her father at Barnet. According to Holinshed, Clarence, Richard, Grey, Dorset, and Hastings had all a hand in the murder of Edward. Cf. i. 2. 240; 4. 56; and iii. 3. 16.

154. **husband.** Anne and Edward were never actually married. Shakespeare follows the common tradition in always speaking of them as husband and wife.

158. **secret close intent.** His ultimate end was the crown; Anne's wealth would help him to gain this.

Scene 2.

This scene has produced a great variety of criticism, the larger proportion of which has been distinctly adverse. In considering the question of its dramatic propriety we must remember that Anne did not possess the clue to Richard's character, which the opening scene has given to us; she knew him to be bold and cruel, but she had no reason to suspect him of double-dealing. Further, Richard's marriage with Prince Edward's 'widow' was a point in his career which Shakespeare could hardly pass over. Dramatic necessities led him to place it immediately after Edward's death (l. 240, and cf. *Introduction*, p. 12). To bridge over the inherent improbability of Anne's so soon consenting to the union, some such scene as this was absolutely necessary, a scene where Richard's strong personality, commanding intellect, and masterly hypocrisy should bear down all opposition. No doubt Shakespeare might have made use of the story that Richard and Anne were old lovers. This, however, would not have served his purpose so well. It would have excited our sympathy with Richard; whereas the method actually adopted increases our admiration for his qualities without making us feel more kindly towards him.

2. **hearse**: not used in the ordinary sense, as is clear from the context. The body is brought in upon a bier.

3. **obsequiously**, in a manner becoming funeral obsequies. See Glossary.

5. **key-cold**=cold as a key. Steevens reminds us that a key was often used to stop bleeding.

holy. Cf. iv. 1. 70; 4. 25; v. 1. 4. There was actually an effort made to have him canonized. He was the founder of Eton College, and of King's College, Cambridge.

8. **invocate**: a 'doublet' of 'invoke', the longer form having come into English direct from Latin, the shorter through the medium of French.

10. **Wife.** See on i. 1. 154.

12. **in** = 'into', as very frequently, *e.g.* ll. 259 and 261.

windows. Schmidt connects this passage with the notion of a window as an indirect or unnatural means of exit and entrance, for which cf. *King John*, i. 1. 171. Surely it is better to interpret it in the light of the old custom of opening the windows and doors in a house in order that the soul of a dying person may pass out freely. To those familiar with such a superstition the expression in the text would seem in no way strange; and that Shakespeare knew of it appears certain from *King John*, v. 7. 29 (also misunderstood by Schmidt). There the dying monarch, when he has been carried out into the orchard to the open air, exclaims—

> "Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
> It would not out at windows nor at doors".

13. **helpless**: not 'without help', but 'without the power to help'. 'Help' in Shakespeare has the sense of 'cure'. See on iv. 4. 131.

15. **the heart.** At first sight it seems unnatural for Anne to indulge in word-play when under the stress of such strong emotion. But this is one of those cases where "misery makes sport to mock itself". The classic instance in Shakespeare is Gaunt punning on his own name, as he lies on his death-bed (*Richard II.*, ii. 1. 73–84, where see Prof. Herford's note in the Warwick Ed.). Cf. also v. 1. 12 of this play. With regard to the whole question, it should be borne in mind that the Elizabethans, like the Athenians of the Fifth Century B.C., found in word-play a charm that it is difficult for us to appreciate. It recalls the delight that children at a certain stage of mental development often take in puns. Possibly in both cases the ultimate explanation is the same. The tendency may be due to the growing sense of a mastery over language, and to the desire to give expression to it.

16. **the blood.** Mr. Wright suggests that *blood* has here (as frequently in Shakespeare) the sense of 'passion' or 'temper'.

17. **hap**, fortune—whether bad, as here, or good, as in i. 3. 84.

20. **venom'd.** Both the toad and the spider were popularly believed to be poisonous. The former in particular is often alluded to by Shakespeare as venomous, *e.g.* i. 2. 143; 3. 246; *As You Like It*, ii. 1. 13; *Macbeth*, iv. 1. 6, &c. For the spider, cf. *Richard II.*, iii. 2. 14.

22. **Prodigious**, of the nature of a prodigy, monstrous.

23. **aspect**, look. Cf. i. 2. 155.

25. **unhappiness**, wickedness, power for mischief. 'Unhappy' is sometimes used in the sense of mischievous, *e.g.* "A shrewd knave and an unhappy" (*All 's Well*, iv. 5. 66).

26 ff. The audience would read into this curse a significance of which Anne did not dream. The play abounds in such instances of 'tragic irony'. This dramatic device was familiar to the Greeks; Sophocles, for instance, employs it with great effect in the *Œdipus Tyrannus*. It consists of putting into the mouth of a speaker words that in addition to the sense he intends them to bear, have an altogether different signification for those who appreciate the situation and are familiar with the way in which events are to shape themselves. The second signification transforms the speech into an unconscious prophecy of impending evil. Granted, then, that the audience have a knowledge of what is to come, the skilful use of 'tragic irony' may go far to produce 'pity'. And in Greek plays the subject-matter of the plot was invariably a familiar legend. That Shakespeare did not always think of the *immediate* effect the words would have, is clear from a striking example of this sort of 'irony' in *Macbeth* (iii. 1. 28). For it is only in the light of the subsequent scene at the banquet that we realize the grim horror that lurked beneath Macbeth's last interview with his victim in the flesh—

"*Macb.* Fail not our feast.
Banq. My lord, I will not."

28. The form of expression is condensed. For the sense see iv. 1. 77.

29. **Chertsey**, a market town in Surrey, 25 miles W.S.W. of London.

31. **as**, as often as.

32. **whiles.** See Glossary.

35. **devoted.** In sense this adjective belongs not to "deeds", but to the 'charity' contained in "charitable". The phrase really means 'deeds of devoted charity'. Cf. i. 4. 4, 280; ii. 4. 55.

40. **Advance**: not 'move forward', but 'move upward', *i.e.* 'raise'. Cf. v. 3. 264.

46. **Avaunt.** See Glossary.

49. **curst**, perverse, shrewish. This sense of the word survives only in slang.

52. **exclaims**, exclamations. The word occurs again in iv. 4. 135.

54. **pattern**, sample.

55. The allusion is to the familiar superstition that a murdered man's wounds bled afresh if the murderer approached his victim's body. Effective use is made of this belief by Scott in *The Fair Maid of Perth*, and by Hawthorne in *Transformation*.

58. **exhales.** See Glossary.

62. **revenge his death.** Note the effect of iteration, particularly in curses and lamentations. Cf. ii. 2. 71 ff.; iv. 4. 40 ff., &c.

65. **quick**, living.

68. One of the legacies which the Elizabethan drama inherited from Euripides through Seneca was a fondness for the rapid interchange of studied repartee. The dialogue that follows is one of the most marked Shakespearian examples of this 'stichomuthia', as it was called by the Greeks; and other notable instances will be found in the conversation between Richard and Elizabeth in Act iv., Scene 4. In their own way these scenes are effective, but to a modern ear the straining after parallelism, which is characteristic of the Elizabethan 'stichomuthia', and is akin to punning, seems tasteless, and as a matter of fact often results in something perilously near to nonsense. The encounter is interesting as an illustration of Shakespeare's use of 'thou' and 'you'. Anne, whose feelings are stirred to their depths, uses the 'thou' of contempt until l. 196, when she finally relents. Richard, on the other hand, is cool and collected throughout, and invariably uses 'you', except where he simulates deep feeling (l. 81 and ll. 132 ff.).

77. **By circumstance** in a detailed or circumstantial manner.

78. **defused infection.** We must not press too strongly for a meaning; the phrase is obviously used mainly for the jingle with "divine perfection". But see Glossary for both words.

82. **patient.** See on i. 1. 15.

84. **current**, accepted as genuine. Cf. ii. 1. 94; iv. 2. 9.

87. **worthy**, well-deserved.

89. **Say that I slew them not?** = 'Suppose I did not kill them?'

92. Cf. on i. 1. 153.

95. **bend**, aim. The word in this sense was in the first instance used of a bow. Here it is applied to a falchion, and we even find "our cannon shall be bent" (*King John*, ii. 1. 37).

98. **their guilt**, the guilt of my brothers.

102. **grant me.** Note the word-play. In the first instance *grant* has the sense of 'admit to be true'; in the second it has its ordinary meaning. In both instances *me* is in the dative, as is the "ye" of the preceding line.

117. **timeless**, untimely.

120. **effect.** If the word has any very definite sense here, it probably means 'efficient cause', as Schmidt thinks. But see on l. 78.

133. Anne implies that, if Richard's assertion were true, then she had it in her power to make him miserable.

142. The Yorkist Richard and the Lancastrian Edward were both Plantagenets. The word was originally the nickname (Plantegeneste) of Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, father of Henry II. The

explanation of how it came to be applied to him is uncertain. There is no reliable authority for the story that he had a habit of wearing a sprig of broom (*planta genista*) in his cap.

149. **infect**, pollute. In the next line Richard catches up the word and applies it to love-sickness.

151. **basilisks.** The basilisk or "cockatrice" (iv. 1. 55) was a fabulous reptile which could slay by a look. According to Pliny, it had a mark like a crown upon its head. Hence its name, which is derived from a diminutive of *βασιλεύς*, a king.

153. **living death.** The figure that results from the combination of two contradictory ideas is known as Oxymoron, literally 'something pointedly foolish' (Greek, *ὀξύς*, sharp, + *μωρός*, foolish). It was familiar to the Greeks and to the Romans (*splendide mendax*, *strenua inertia*). An accumulation of instances will be found in iv. 4. 26 ff.

155. **shamed their aspéct**, disgraced their appearance.

156. **These eyes.** At first sight this looks like an anacolouthon. But there is no real break in the construction, the word *eyes* being in apposition to "mine [eyes]" in l. 154.

156. **remorseful** = 'full of pity'. 'Remorse' in Shakespeare often means 'pity', *e.g.* iii. 7. 211. In i. 4. 110 and iv. 3. 20 it has its ordinary sense.

157 ff. These lines refer to the incidents described in *Third Part of Henry VI.* (ii. 1). There, however, the account of York's death is not put into the mouth of Anne's "warlike father", Warwick, but into the mouth of a messenger.

163. **That** = 'so that' (as frequently in Shakespeare).

166. **exhale.** Cf. l. 58.

169. **smoothing**, making smooth by flattery, *i.e.* flattering.

179. **the death.** The article gives something of the force of judicial formality, as in the phrase 'to die the death'.

182. **dispatch.** Schmidt takes this = 'put to death'. But it need mean no more than 'make haste', as in i. 3. 356; iii. 3. 8; 4. 96, 104. In i. 3. 341 and i. 4. 278 it is used transitively = 'do quickly'.

185. **dissembler**, hypocrite. Cf. i. 1. 19.

203. This line must mean: 'Although I accept your ring, I give you no pledge of troth in return'. It is omitted in the Folios.

213. **presently.** See on iv. 5. 5.

Crosby Place: Richard's house in Bishopsgate Street. It was built by Sir John Crosby in 1466, and bought by Richard in 1475. At one time it was occupied by Sir Thomas More. Part of it still survives, and is used as a restaurant under the name of Crosby Hall.

217. **expedient duty**, swift respect. For the various meanings of *duty* see Glossary.

220. That Anne's assent was genuine, is clear from iv. 1. 79 ff.

222 ff. Anne has not altogether forgotten herself. To please ("flatter") Richard she allows him to have the pleasure of imagining that she has bid him a lover's farewell. Had she conceded anything beyond this, the scene would have been even more improbable than it really is, and it would have been more difficult for us to sympathize with her in iv. 1.

227. **White-Friars.** "The house of the Carmelite or White-Friars stood on the south side of Fleet Street between the Temple and Salisbury Court. . . . The Carmelites were commonly designated White Friars from the white cloak and scapular which they wore over their brown habit." (Marshall.)

230. **I will not keep her long**: the first hint of the fate in store for Anne. Richard only wanted her wealth.

235. **these bars.** He probably refers to his personal deformities, since his crimes are covered by the earlier half of the line.

237. **plain**, mere. Cf. "a plain knave" (*Lear*, ii. 2. 118).

241. **three months since.** There was really less than three *weeks* of an interval between the death of Edward and the funeral of Henry VI. But the change makes the scene less wildly improbable.

244. Cf. *Love's Labour 's Lost*, ii. 1. 9 ff.—

> "Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
> As nature was in making graces dear,
> When she did starve the general world beside,
> And prodigally gave them all to you".

247. **debase...on me**, lower to my level.

248. **prime.** Cf. iv. 3. 19; 4. 170; v. 3. 119.

250. **moiety**, from Lat. *mediatatem* (*medius*), means literally 'a half'. It then came to be used loosely for any fraction, and so here.

252. **denier.** Steevens says: "A *denier* is the twelfth part of a French *sou*, and seems to have been the regular request of a beggar". The word comes from Lat. *denarius*. For the sense of the line cf. "All the world to nothing" in l. 238.

255. **proper**, handsome. So Moses is called "a proper child" in *Hebrews*, xi. 23.

256. **at charges for**, at the expense of.

257. **entertain.** See Glossary.

259. Richard ironically suggests that he has grown proud of his personal appearance, and must spend some money in keeping it up.

262. **lamenting**, *i.e.* professing contrition for his evil deeds. Cf. i. 2. 216.

Scene 3.

In this scene Richard shows himself boldly defiant of the queen and her relatives. Hypocrisy of the ordinary kind would hardly have served his purpose, for Elizabeth already saw through his designs (l. 13). On the other hand, the new aristocracy whom he had to sweep from his path, must in the nature of things have made themselves many enemies among the representatives of the old order. He could thus reckon on abundant support in his attitude of open hostility, and it is worth noting how he endeavours throughout to increase their unpopularity by casting on them the obloquy of Clarence's death and Hastings's imprisonment. But this openness is not true frankness: it is only a more dangerous form of hypocrisy. The picture he gives of himself as "a plain man" full of "simple truth" (l. 51) recalls *Lear*, ii. 2. 104—

> "he cannot flatter, he,
> An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth!
> An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
> These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
> Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
> Than twenty silly ducking observants
> That stretch their duties nicely".

4. entertain. See Glossary.

5. quick, lively.

6. betide of, happen to.

13. nor none. Such double negatives — strengthening, not destroying, one another—abound in Shakespeare.

15. concluded, formally decided.

17. Derby: called also Lord Stanley, *e.g.* in iii. 2 and iv. 4. See note on l. 20.

19. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 181, l. 25.

20. Countess Richmond. Margaret, great granddaughter of John of Gaunt, married Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, the head of a great Welsh family. Her son by this union was the Richmond of our play, who became Henry VII. of England. A year or two before the battle of Bosworth she was married (for a third time) to Lord Stanley, Earl of Derby, a widower with three sons, the eldest of whom was "young George Stanley" (v. 5. 9).

25. not believe. The position of the negative seems odd to us. We should say either 'believe not' or 'do not believe'. Cf. "not equals" in i. 2. 250.

26. envious, malicious. Cf. i. 4. 37. So 'envy' has the sense of 'malice', *e.g.* iv. 1. 100.

29. **wayward sickness**: *i.e.* weakness that shows itself in waywardness. Cf. "wayward sickliness" in a very similar context in *Richard II.*, ii. 1. 142.

33. **amendment**, recovery. Cf. *Macbeth*, iv. 3. 145, where the doctor, speaking of the 'touching' of those affected with king's evil, says that "they presently amend". In iii. 7. 115 of our play "amend" is used transitively in the sense of 'cure', with which cf. iv. 4. 291.

36. **atonement**, reconciliation, agreement. See Glossary.

39. **warn**, call. In some country districts of Scotland people are still 'warned' to weddings and funerals.

46. **dissentious**, seditious (Schmidt).

48. **smooth**. Cf. i. 2. 169.

cog, cheat. See Glossary.

49. **French nods**. Steevens says: "An importation of foreign manners seems to have afforded our ancient poets a never-failing topic of invective". The spirit is by no means dead yet.

53. **Jacks**. 'Jack' was at one time the commonest of names. (Cf. 'Jack-in-the-Box', 'Jack Frost', 'Jack o' Lantern', 'Jack and Gill', and see on iv. 2. 117.) Hence it came to be used contemptuously for the commonest of men. Shakespeare uses it frequently in this way, as here and in ll. 72, 73. Cf. *First Part of King Henry IV.*, v. 4. 142: "If I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack".

54. **presence**='the persons here present'. Cf. ii. 1. 58.

60. **Cannot...scarce**='can hardly'.

61. **lewd**, vulgar. See Glossary.

64. **else**='besides himself'. The word is therefore unmeaning, if taken strictly, for the word "suitor" expressly excludes the king. Mr. Wright illustrates the idiom by the well-known lines in *Paradise Lost* (iv. 323)—

> "Adam the goodliest man of men since born
> His sons: the fairest of her daughters, Eve".

See also on v. 3. 243 ff.

65. **Aiming...at**, having in view.

68. **Makes him to send**. The grammatical structure of the sentence is hopelessly confused; but the general sense is tolerably clear. Abbott (*Shak. Gram.* § 376) suggests that "the king . . . aiming, &c.", which is properly a nominative absolute, is treated as equivalent to 'the fact that the king aims, &c.', and is employed as a subject to "makes".

70 ff. The drift of Gloucester's speech is made plain by Elizabeth's reply.

72. **Jack.** See on i. 3. 53.

73. **gentle,** of gentle birth.

75. **friends'.** Notice that this is possessive case.

82. **noble,** a coin worth about 6*s.* 8*d.* It is scarcely necessary to draw attention to the pun.

83. **careful,** full of care. It was in this sense that Martha was "careful about many things" (*Luke*, x. 41).

84. **hap.** See on i. 2. 17.

89. **suspects,** suspicions. Cf. "entreats" (iii. 7. 225), and "exclaims" (iv. 4. 135).

90. For the double negative cf. l. 13. Note how the meaning of the word "may" varies in the mouths of the different speakers.

100. **marry.** There is, of course, a play upon the exclamation and the verb. For the exclamation see Glossary.

102. **I wis.** See Glossary.

worser. See Glossary.

110. At this point a new and important motive of the play appears. Queen Margaret, whom a critic has called "the most supernatural conception in Shakespeare", comes upon the stage. Until l. 158 she remains in the background, her speeches till then being 'asides'. Though at first her denunciations merely expose Gloucester's wickedness, she subsequently includes the whole Yorkist connection in the curse which she pronounces, and thus gives us the first hint we get, that Richard is the unwitting avenger of the wrongs of Lancaster. (Cf. *Introduction*, p. 10.)

112. **due to me,** my due, mine by right.

117. **my pains:** *i.e.* the trouble he took to get the throne for Edward. Cf. 121 ff.

128. **factious for,** on the side of. See on ii. 1. 20. Sir John Grey was a Lancastrian, although in *Third Henry VI.* (iii. 2. 6) it is erroneously said that he fell "in quarrel of the House of York".

130. **Margaret's battle:** either 'Margaret's army' (for which sense of the word cf. v. 3. 299), or 'the battle which Margaret won', *i.e.* the second battle of St. Albans (1461).

135. **father** = 'father-in-law', as "sister" = 'sister-in-law' in iii. 7. 182. Cf. i. 4. 48 ff. and *Third Henry VI.* (v. 1. 81), where this scene is described.

137. Do not forget that Margaret is still speaking in 'asides'.

138. **party,** side. Cf. iii. 2. 47; iv. 4. 190, 528; v. 3. 13.

139. **meed.** Notice the word-play.

142. **childish-foolish,** childishly simple. The audience would appreciate the irony of this and much else in Richard's speeches (*e.g.*

l. 149). Such intentional irony must not be confused with the 'tragic irony' discussed in the note to i. 2. 26.

144. **cacodemon.** See Glossary.

155. **A little joy.** If the reading is correct (and here Quartos and Folios agree), the "little joy" must be the satisfaction she feels at her rival's misery. But the phrase is inconsistent with the "altogether joyless" of the succeeding line. Various emendations have been suggested, such as "*As* little", "*And* little" "*Ah*, little".

159. **pill'd,** robbed. See Glossary.

162. **by you deposed.** To complete the grammatical construction (nominative absolute), "I being" must be supplied with this participle from the preceding line. Cf. v. 3. 95.

163. **gentle villain.** For the oxymoron see on i. 2. 153. Johnson finds a further opposition between *gentle* = 'highborn' (cf. i. 3. 73), and *villain* = 'a low-born wretch'.

164. **makest.** Richard uses 'make' in the sense of 'do'. Margaret, while joining it with "repetition" (= 'repeat'. Cf. "make prey", l. 71), plays also upon its other meaning by introducing the word "mar". The sense of the line is that she is going to recount his misdeeds.

169. **abode** = the act of abiding.

170. **thou**: addressed to Richard. The first half of the next line is addressed to Queen Elizabeth.

174. This scene is described in *Third Henry VI.* (i. 4).

178. **faultless,** innocent.

181. **plagued,** punished. So "plagued and chastened" in *Psalms*, lxxiii. 14.

183. **that babe.** As a matter of fact, Rutland was older than either Clarence or Richard. He was, of course, a mere boy at the time of his death. But he is deliberately represented as a child compared to Richard (cf. *Third Henry VI.*, i. 2 and 3) in order to make his death more pathetic.

190. **all** belongs to "you", not to "hatred", as is clear from the "all" of l. 188.

194. **Could all but answer for,** all taken together could do no more than atone for.

197 ff. Notice how each of Margaret's curses finds fulfilment in the course of the play, and how each victim who heard them, recalls their import when his hour comes. When she next appears (Act iv. Sc. 4), it is to exult over the vengeance that has descended on her foes.

201. **untimely.** See on i. 1. 15.

206. **stall'd** = 'installed'.

212. **him.** For the redundant pronoun cf. iii. 1. 10, 26; 7. 235. Abbott points out (§ 243) that this idiomatic insertion of the pronoun rarely takes place (as here) after an *object*. It is much more frequent after a *subject*, particularly if that subject be a proper name.

214. **But.** Note the ellipsis after this word.

unlook'd, unexpected.

219. **them.** Here, as in v. 5. 20, "Heaven" is treated as a plural. Similarly "Hell" in iv. 4. 72.

222. **still,** constantly.

begnaw. The prefix *be-* has in this word the force of 'round about', 'all over'. Cf. 'bespatter', etc. For the metaphor cf. *Mark*, ix. 44: "Where their worm dieth not".

228. **elvish-mark'd:** as if the spirits of evil had marked him as their own at his birth. The allusion seems to be to his personal deformity.

rooting hog: a contemptuous reference to Richard's device of a white boar. Cf. iii. 2. 11; v. 2. 7.

229, 230. **seal'd...The slave of nature.** Warburton suggests that there may be an allusion to the practice of "masters branding their profligate slaves". The phrase would then mean that nature, by marking Richard as she had done at his birth, had made him the most degraded of her servants.

234. **Ha!** This word is the Shakespearian equivalent of the modern 'eh' (='what do you say?'). Another example will be found in v. 3. 5. The dramatic point of the passage is therefore to be explained as follows. The Queen's exclamation of "Richard!" is intended to complete her unfinished sentence. Gloucester, however, professes to regard it as the beginning of a fresh remark addressed to him, as if he had already 'made the period to' her curse by his interruption of "Margaret". That this is the force of his cry of *Ha!* is clear from the reply, "I call thee not",—a reply which he pretends to understand in a different sense (l. 236).

235. See on ii. 2. 104.

238. **make the period to,** round off, complete. Cf. ii. 1. 44.

241. **painted,** unreal.

vain flourish, empty show.

242. **bottled,** round like a bottle.

246. **bunch-back'd,** hump-backed.

251. **serve ... well.** Note the word-play.

duty. There is also a play on the different senses of this word, for which see Glossary.

255. **malapert.** See Glossary.

256. Grey had been made Marquis of Dorset in 1475. Hence his patent of nobility was brand-new compared with older titles. The metaphor is from a coin ("stamp") fresh from the mint ("fire-new"). For *stamp* in the sense of 'coin', *i.e.* 'thing stamped', cf. the "stamp of gold" King Edward hangs round the necks of those whom he touches for king's evil (*Macbeth*, iv. 3. 153).

current. Cf. i. 2. 84.

263. **much more.** Gloucester means that his rank is much higher than Dorset's. He goes on to say it is "so high" that he is out of all danger of a fall.

264. **aery** means first a nest, and then the brood in the nest. The phrase "an aery of children" occurs in *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 354. For the metaphor cf. i. 3. 71.

267. **son.** See on i. 1. 2.

275. If l. 273 is rightly assigned to Buckingham (which some editors have doubted), only the first line of Margaret's reply can be addressed to him. For in her next speech she expressly exempts him from her denunciations.

277. This line is difficult. Definiteness of meaning has been sacrificed to the temptation to play upon words. The general sense appears to be: 'Outrage is the only charity I have known, life is the deepest shame I can endure'.

282. **fair befall.** The grammar of such sentences is most simply explained by taking *befall* as an impersonal verb, and making *fair* an adverb.

291. **venom:** noun used as an adjective.

296. **respect**, regard, pay heed to. So "the man that respecteth not the proud" (*Psalms*, xl. 4).

298. **soothe**, speak smooth words to. See Glossary.

311. **hot**, eager.

314. **frank'd up to fatting**, shut up in a frank or sty with a view to fattening. For *frank'd* see Glossary.

317. **scathe**, injury. See Glossary.

324. This soliloquy of Richard's sums up the situation with admirable clearness. It provides a good illustration of the simplicity of the dramatic methods employed in the play. See note on i. 1.

brawl, raise an outcry.

325. **set abroach**, let loose. The metaphor is taken from opening a barrel or jar of liquor. See *abroach* in Glossary.

326. **grievous.** See on i. 1. 15.

333. **Vaughan:** always to be pronounced as a dissyllable in the play. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 179, l. 6.

340. **stout resolved**, of stout resolution.

346. **sudden**, swift. Cf. "sudden and quick in quarrel".

348. **well-spoken**, eloquent. Cf. 'fair-spoken'.

352. **doers**, men of action.

354. **drop**. That this is a command is clear from l. 246 of the following scene.

millstones. So Shelley in his *Mask of Anarchy* says of Fraud—

"His big tears, for he wept well,
Turned to millstones as they fell".

Perhaps the notion that hard-hearted people wept millstones, had its origin in some saying to the effect that millstones were as likely to come from their eyes as tears.

356. **dispatch**. See on i. 2. 182.

Scene 4.

While this scene introduces a strong element of 'pity' or pathos into the tragedy, it also serves another purpose. Clarence's awakened conscience leads him to make confessions that show us how just is his punishment (cf. *Introduction*, p. 9). The fact that his dream was of drowning has doubtless reference to the actual manner of his death. Style and versification alike are here worthy of Shakespeare at his best. (In the prose portion of this scene the numbering of lines follows the Globe text. It seemed better to be consistent, and in no case is the difference sufficiently great to cause any practical difficulty.)

4. **Christian faithful** = 'full of Christian faith'. See on i. 2. 35.

9. **Methoughts**. The presence of the *s* (cf. l. 58) is due to false analogy with 'methinks', for which see Glossary.

10. **Burgundy**. Margaret, sister of Clarence and Richard, had married Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.

13. **hatches**, deck.

27. **unvalued**, invaluable. So "unavoided" for 'unavoidable' in iv. 1. 56; 4. 217.

30. **inhabit**. In Shakespeare this verb is more commonly intransitive than transitive.

40. **bulk**, body. See Glossary.

41. Note the effect of the alliterative *b* in this and the preceding line.

45. **Who**. The antecedent is contained in "my".

melancholy flood, gloomy river. What poets had written of Charon and the Styx?

50. **perjury**. For Clarence's treachery cf. i. 3. 135.

53. For Clarence's share in the murder of Prince Edward see on i. 1. 153.

54. squeak'd. Nowadays the stage-ghost speaks in a hollow, sepulchral tone. In Shakespeare's time he probably pitched his voice in a high, shrill key. In *Hamlet* (i. 1. 116) we are told that ghosts "squeak and gibber", and in *Julius Cæsar* (ii. 2. 24) that they "shriek and squeal".

55. fleeting, inconstant.

59. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 184, l. 30.

72. As a matter of history, Clarence's wife had already been dead some time. Why does Shakespeare speak of her as still alive? See note on l. 183 of the preceding scene.

78 ff. for. Note that this word has three distinct senses in three successive lines:—(1) 'as', (2) 'in return for', (3) 'instead of'.

80. unfelt imagination, happiness which they imagine will be theirs, but which is never realized.

84 ff. Notice how clearly marked is the difference between the characters of the two Murderers. The first is the chief speaker both here and in the previous interview with Richard (i. 3. 342 ff.); he is the more hardened villain of the two, and it is he who actually executes the deed of blood; conscience troubles him but slightly (l. 154), though he is not without a certain rudé sense of honour (l. 102). The Second Murderer is a type of another kind of villain; while more avaricious than his companion (l. 129), he is less constant in his evil purposes and more open to compassion (l. 270). It should be observed, that while the murder is committed in sight of the audience, the horror of the scene is softened (1) by our knowledge of Clarence's guilt, (2) by the fact that one of the Murderers relents, (3) by the semi-humorous prose dialogue that precedes the awakening of Clarence and temporarily relieves the tension of feeling.

89, 90. brief...tedious. This was a stock antithesis among the Elizabethans. It occurs again in iv. 4. 28. In *All's Well*, ii. 3. 34, Parolles uses "the brief and the tedious of it" for 'the long and the short of it'.

95. I will be guiltless of, I wish to be ignorant of. Cf. "Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck" (*Macbeth*, iii. 2. 45).

99. a point of wisdom, *i.e.* a procedure which shows wisdom.

122. tell, count.

123. now. We must imagine the speaker to have made a short pause.

128. 'Zounds. See Glossary.

131. purse. So in *Richard II.*, ii. 2. 130, the love of the "wavering commons" is said to lie "in their purses".

135. **entertain.** See Glossary.

142. **shamefast**: the proper form of the word. See Glossary. The spelling 'shamefaced' is due to a false etymology. So 'sovran' has come to be spelt 'sovereign', because it was erroneously supposed to be connected with 'reign'.

149 ff. Apparently there is the same antagonism here between conscience and the fiend as in Launcelot Gobbo's humorous monologue (*Merchant of Venice*, ii. 2). The devil (or evil purpose) is already in the First Murderer's mind, conscience is outside ("at my elbow"), striving to make his way in ("insinuate with thee"). The Second Murderer urges his comrade to choose ("take") the former, and disbelieve the latter. This explanation is a modification of that given by Warburton. Wright identifies "the devil" with "conscience", and interprets "take...in thy mind" as = 'seize hold of in thy imagination'.

156. **tall**, bold. See Glossary.

158. **gear**, business.

159. **costard**, head. See Glossary.

hilts. This form is more common in Shakespeare than 'hilt'.

160. **chop**, throw suddenly. See Glossary.

161. **malmsey.** See Glossary.

162. **sop**: originally the piece of bread or cake put into a cup of wine. See Glossary.

165. **reason**: not 'argue', but simply 'talk'. The Second Murderer is anxious to postpone the moment of action.

166. As soon as Clarence awakes, the atmosphere of the scene changes, and the heightened feeling is appropriately marked by the transition from prose to blank verse. We have here a good illustration of one of the most important principles that guided Shakespeare in his use of prose in his plays.

172. **loyal.** The rhyme gives point to the antithesis.

175. Notice the change from "thou" to "you" at this point. He now addresses both.

188. **evidence**: here in the sense of 'a body of witnesses', as is shown by the plural verb. The transition from abstract to concrete is aptly illustrated by the word 'witness'—originally (as the suffix shows) an abstract substantive = 'knowledge'.

189. **quest**, a body of jurymen.

192. **convict** = convicted. Cf. "contract" for 'contracted' (iii. 7. 179), "acquit" for 'acquitted' (v. 5. 3). See "expiate" in Glossary.

206. Note that as soon as the Murderers begin to reproach Clarence solemnly, they adopt the 'thou' of heightened feeling.

212. See on i. 4. 53.

215. **dear**, extreme. Cf. ii. 2. 77.

227. **gallant-springing.** The metaphor is the same as that implied in the word 'scion' (='a young shoot', literally 'a cutting').

229. **My brother's love.** The possessive is here objective, and means: 'the love I bore my brother'.

230. **Thy brother's love.** There is a complicated piece of word-play here. The phrase may mean either (1) 'the love we bear thy brother'—and so Clarence understands it, or (2) 'the love of thy brother for thee'—and this irony the audience would appreciate. Further, while the Murderer speaks of Richard, Clarence is thinking of Edward.

240. Here again there is equivocation. Clarence supposes that the Murderers are acceding to his request; really they are only referring to the instructions given them in l. 345 of the preceding scene.

246. Cf. i. 3. 354.

247. **kind.** The reply seems to show that (as Mr. Wright suggests) the First Murderer understands "kind" in the sense of 'natural'.

253. **labour**, work out.

255. Cf. i. 1. 118.

270. This appeal is addressed to the Second Murderer, who once more begins to relent as the time for action approaches.

271. *i.e.* 'unless you are more more hardened than your looks lead me to believe'.

273. **you** refers to both.

275. The First Murderer makes at Clarence from behind.

280. **grievous guilty.** See on i. 2. 35.

288. **take order**, make arrangements. Cf. iii. 5. 106; iv. 2. 53; 4. 539.

Act II.—Scene I.

This scene well illustrates the free way in which Shakespeare handled his materials. The *Chronicle* speaks only of Dorset and Hastings as being present at the reconciliation. The other nobles here introduced were widely scattered at the time (cf. *Introduction*, p. 12). Again, the interview with Derby is elaborated out of a single sentence in Holinshed, who—speaking of Edward's remorse

for Clarence's death—says: "When anie person sued to him for the pardon of malefactors condemned to death, he would accustomablie saie, and openlie speake, 'Oh unfortunate brother, for whose life not one wold make sute'". (Cf. *Introduction*, p. 12.)

3. **embassage**, embassy.

5. **part**=depart. The shorter form is very common in Shakespeare, *e.g.* of the death of young Siward, "They say he parted well" (*Macbeth*, v. 8. 52).

8. 'Let your outward signs of friendship be no mask of hatred, but an expression of love warranted by your oath.'

12. **dally**, trifle.

20. **have been factious**, have taken sides. Cf. i. 3. 128. The present example shows how easy is the transition to the modern meaning.

29. **princely**. The epithet is not an empty compliment; Buckingham was the nearest heir to the throne after Richmond.

33, 34. **but...Doth**='and does not'. See Abbott, *Shak. Gr.*, § 125.

37. **most assured**: most simply explained as an ellipsis.

39. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 179, l. 38.

43. Notice the 'tragic irony'.

44. Cf. i. 3. 238.

51. **swelling**, full of anger. For the metaphor cf. ii. 2. 117.

wrong-incensed, perversely enraged.

59. **friendly**. See on i. 1. 15.

64. **cousin**. Richard's mother and Buckingham's grandmother were sisters (cf. on l. 29). But *cousin* was used loosely to denote almost any kinsman or kinswoman. It means 'grandchild' in ii. 2. 8, and 4. 9, and 'nephew' in iii. 1. 117, and iv. 4. 221. Occasionally it is a mere title of courtesy.

70. **at odds**, out of agreement with.

79. The announcement of Clarence's death is made strikingly effective by being put into Richard's mouth.

88. **winged Mercury**. Cf. iv. 3. 55. So in *Henry V.*, ii. Prol. 7, the youth of England are described as—

> "Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
> With winged heels, as English Mercuries".

90. **lag**, late.

92. **in blood**, in kinship. Steevens appropriately cites *Macbeth*, ii. 3. 146—

> "The near in blood,
> The nearer bloody".

Richard is hinting at the queen's relatives, on whom he is anxious to cast the suspicion of having hurried on the execution of Clarence. Cf. ll. 134 ff.

94. **current.** Cf. i. 2. 84.

from has here the sense of 'free from', as in iii. 5. 32.

96. See in ii. 1. 131.

99. **forfeit...of my servant's life,** my servant's life which has fallen forfeit.

104. **was thought,** *i.e.* never passed into action.

107. **be advised,** be careful. Cf. "unadvisedly"='carelessly', iv. 4. 292.

115. **lap,** wrap up.

117. **thin,** *i.e.* thinly clad.

120. **to**=as to. Cf. iii. 2. 27.

121. *i.e.* when any of the humblest of your retainers.

122, 123. **defaced...image.** Cf. "That foul defacer of God's handiwork" (iv. 4. 51); and *Genesis*, i. 27: "God created man in His own image".

129. **beholding**='beholden'. See Glossary.

131. This outburst of remorse fitly marks the king's final exit: he, too, deserves the death that is impending.

133. Hastings was lord chamberlain. Cf. i. 1. 77. For the scansion, see *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 184, l. 14.

134. **This,** *i.e.* this agony of remorse.

137. **still.** Cf. i. 3. 222.

Scene 2.

The extent to which children are introduced into this play is quite remarkable. It almost seems as if Shakespeare had been bent on exploring every available source of 'pity and terror'. From the point of view of pathos the experiment is very successful, as it is also in the case of Prince Arthur in *King John*. Yet it was seldom repeated; and, when we come to *Coriolanus*, we find young Marcius used practically as a lay figure. Possibly the explanation lies in the difficulty of getting children's parts effectively acted. A picture of a very different side of child-life is given in the inimitable interview between Sir Hugh Evans and William in the *Merry Wives* (iv. 1. 14 ff.).

7. **If that.** For the *that* cf. v. 3. 202, and see Abbott, *Shak. Gr.*, §§ 287–8.

8. **cousins.** See on ii. 1. 64.

18. **Incapable**, unable to understand.

28. **vizard**: another form of 'visor'. The *d* is 'excrescent and unoriginal' (Skeat).

31. **dissemble**, act deceitfully. Cf. i. 1. 19; 2. 185.

38 f. Observe the metaphor from the theatre. In the 16th and 17th centuries "scene" has always a direct reference to the stage. It is only in 18th-century 'poetic diction' that the vaguer sense becomes current.

43. **brief**, speedy.

51. **two mirrors**: his children, Edward and Clarence. For the metaphor cf. *Sonnet* iii.—

> "Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
> Calls back the lovely April of her prime".

60. **moiety**. See on i. 2. 250. Here the word has something like its literal sense.

61. **overgo**, pass beyond, exceed.

62. The children still cherish the belief with which their uncle had inspired them (l. 21).

64. *i.e.* 'No one sympathized with our grief at our father's death'.

67. **complaints**: means here 'utterances of grief' (cf. 'plaints'), not 'utterances of a grievance'.

68. **reduce**: used here in its literal sense of 'lead back' (*reduco*). Cf. v. 5. 36. It is in the imperative mood.

69. **watery moon**: so called because of its influence on the tides. Hyperbole, such as we have here, is only justified when the feelings of the hearer (or reader) are moved to their very depths. In this case the picture of a woman's tears producing a second deluge strikes us as a mere 'conceit'—*i.e.* an image which through extravagance or exaggeration misses the quality of true poetry. As an illustration, read the scene where Hamlet grapples with Laertes in the grave of Ophelia (*Hamlet*, v. 1. 269 ff.).

71 ff. See on i. 2. 62.

76. **but they**. We should naturally expect 'but *them*'. Cf. iv. 4. 34.

77. **dear**. Cf. i. 4. 215.

94. **opposite**, at enmity. Cf. iv. 4. 215, 402. In v. 4. 3 the word is used as a noun = 'opponent'.

95. **For**. See on i. 1. 58.

104. **cry you mercy**, ask your pardon. *Cry* has the sense of 'entreat', and *you* is the indirect object. Cf. iv. 4. 515; v. 3. 224.

112. **cloudy**, with looks darkened by grief.

113. **mutual**: because the weight presses on all alike.

moan, grief.

115. **spent,** exhausted, finished.

118. **splinter'd,** joined by splints. It is, of course, this union that is to be "preserved, cherish'd, and kept": the subject to "must" is not "rancour" merely, but "broken rancour...splintered, knit, and join'd together".

120. What is the subject to "seemeth"?

121. **from Ludlow.** Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire, was formerly a royal residence. It was there that Edward VI. was proclaimed king. There, too, that Milton wrote his *Comus*. The young prince had been sent to Ludlow under the guidance of Lord Rivers.

Observe how Richard allows Buckingham to play the man of action here. The hypocritical plea that the escort should be small, was really put forward in order that Rivers might be easily seized. The suggestion that this was Richard's motive for insisting that the King should not "come up strong", is taken from Holinshed. The intervention of Buckingham, however, is a feature introduced by Shakespeare. Modern historians are more than doubtful of the truthfulness of the narrative in the *Chronicle*. Mr. Gairdner in his article on Edward V. in the *Dictionary of National Biography* says: "Probably there would have been a pitched battle, but that the council in London had strongly resisted a proposal of the queen dowager that the young King should come up with a very strong escort. As it was, a good deal of armour was found in the baggage of the royal suite, which, taken in connection with some other things, did not speak well for the intentions of the Woodville party."

127. **estate,** commonwealth.

128. **bears,** manages, directs.

136. **apparent likelihood,** clear prospect.

137. **by much company,** *i.e.* by a large escort.

141. **go we:** jussive.

144. **censures,** opinions. It occurs in the modern sense in iii. 5. 68.

148. **sort,** contrive. See Glossary.

149. **index.** See Glossary.

151. **consistory,** now usually applied to an ecclesiastical assembly, has here the sense of 'council-chamber', used figuratively. Observe how completely Buckingham is fooled by the use of the very weapon he had himself been handling.

Scene 3.

From a mechanical point of view the scene is necessary, in order to allow time for the arrest of Rivers. But it also serves another purpose: it reminds us of the great current of ordinary life that is only indirectly affected by the storm raging round the throne.

Modern stage managers would omit this scene, just as they omit the last forty lines of *Hamlet*. Shakespeare's instinct was far truer. If the drama is to be a mirror of the world, such scenes are essential. Note that each Citizen has a distinct and well-marked character, the Third being most pessimistic.

4. **seldom comes the better:** a proverbial expression, implying distrust of all change. *Better* is here used as a substantive.

6. **Give you.** For the full form of the phrase cf. iv. 1. 5. Sometimes the subject was inserted and the verb omitted, *e.g. Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. 115: "God ye good morrow, gentlemen".

8. **the while.** See Glossary. The construction here is of the same type as in phrases like 'Woe worth the while'.

11. Cf. *Ecclesiastes*, x. 16. Its use here is doubtless suggested by the fact that in Holinshed Buckingham quotes it at the Guildhall as an argument in favour of setting aside Edward V.

13. **in his nonage,** so long as he is under age.

15. The language is compressed, but the sense is clear.

16. **Henry.** See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 179, l. 16.

18. **wot.** See Glossary.

20. **counsel,** advice.

21. **virtuous uncles.** These were John, Duke of Bedford, and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, both of whom figure in *King Henry VI.*

26. **Will touch us all too near:** because it was the common people who would suffer most. *Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.* (Horace, *Epist.*, i. 2. 14).

prevent. See Glossary.

28. **haught**=haughty. This short form is found only in the early plays.

30. **solace,** find comfort. Shakespeare uses this word three times intransitively (='*take* comfort'), and only once transitively (='*give* comfort').

31. **we fear the worst,** we are looking at the darkest side.

36. **sort.** See Glossary.

39. **cannot...almost**='can...hardly'. Cf. i. 3. 60.

reason. Cf. i. 4. 165.

41. **still.** Cf. i. 3. 222.

42, 43. **mistrust Ensuing dangers,** are apprehensive of approaching dangers. Cf. iii. 2. 87. See also on "misdoubt" (iii. 2. 89).

43. **by proof,** through the knowledge that comes from experience. The illustration is taken almost verbally from Holinshed.

46. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 180, l. 19.

Scene 4.

York's instinctive dislike of his uncle Gloucester is brought out even more strongly in the next scene (iii. 1. 101 ff.). Here the expression of it forms an appropriate prelude to the news that Richard has struck his first blow against the doomed princes.

2. **Stony-Stratford,** a market town in Buckinghamshire, situated on Watling Street. It was a stage nearer London than Northampton. The young king and his escort got thus far before they were overtaken by Gloucester and Buckingham. The arrest of Rivers, however, took place at Northampton. The Folios read—

> "Last night I heard they lay at Stony-Stratford
> And at Northampton do they rest to-night".

Possibly the transposition of the names of the towns may be due to a confused knowledge of what actually took place. But the main motive was probably a desire to mend the metre. For the scansion of l. 1 see *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 185, l. 39.

9. **cousin.** See on ii. 1. 64.

14. **since.** What part of speech?

20. **gracious,** full of grace. Notice the play upon "grace" in l. 13 and l. 24.

23. **had been remember'd.** For the construction cf. *Macbeth*, i. 4. 8—

> "he died
> As one that *had been studied* in his death
> To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
> As 't were a careless trifle".

28. According to popular rumour Richard had all his teeth when he came into the world: it is to this that York's "biting" jest refers. Cf. iv. 4. 49.

35. **A parlous boy,** an *enfant terrible.* See Glossary.

shrewd, mischievous. See Glossary.

37. It looks as if the queen suspected that her boy had overheard the remark from herself.

51. **jet,** encroach. See Glossary.

52. **aweless,** *i.e.* 'without the power of inspiring awe'. Cf. "helpless", i. 2. 13.

55. **unquiet** belongs to "wrangling" rather than to "days". Cf. i. 2. 35.

59. The first infinitive governs the first noun, the second the second.

63. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 179, l. 29.

66. sanctuary. A good account of the custom of 'taking sanctuary' will be found in *Chambers' Encyclopædia* (1892),—article, 'Sanctuary'.

71. The seal, *i.e.* the Great Seal, of which the Archbishop was the keeper.

so betide. See on i. 3. 282.

72. tender. Cf. i. 1. 44.

Act III.—Scene I.

From his very first appearance on the stage young Edward is depressed and melancholy, as if he were already conscious of the shadow cast by the approaching catastrophe. Richard's attitude should be noted carefully. (See on I. 101.) Holinshed says: "The duke of Glocester bare him in open sight so reverentlie to the prince, with all semblance of lowlinesse, that from the great obloquie in which he was so late before, he was suddenlie fallen in so great trust, that at the councell next assembled he was made the onelie man, chosen and thought most meet to be the protector of the King and his realme, so that (were it destinie or were it follie) the lambe was betaken [handed over] to the woolfe to keepe".

1. chamber: used here in the (obsolete) sense of 'royal residence', 'capital', '*camera regis*'.

2. cousin. See on ii. 1. 64.

sovereign. See on i. 4. 142.

4. crosses, troubles. He refers mainly to the arrest of his mother's relatives, especially his uncle Rivers. Cf. l. 6.

9. distinguish, discern, understand.

10. he. See on i. 3. 212.

11. jumpeth with, moves along with, *i.e.* agrees with. "Jump" was used as an adverb='exactly', *e.g.* "jump at this dead hour". (*Hamlet*, i. 1. 65).

22. slug, sluggard.

31. indirect: *i.e.* not straightforward.

32. Cardinal Bourchier headed a deputation of the Council sent by the Protector to visit the Queen in sanctuary, and persuade her to give up the Duke of York to bear his brother company in the Tower. Holinshed tells us that Richard proposed him for this duty as being an "honourable trustie man, such as both tendereth the king's weale and the honour of his councell, and is also in favour and credence with hir".

37. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 181, l. 33.

44. senseless-obstinate. For a similar compound cf. i. iii. 142.

45. ceremonious and traditional, scrupulous about forms and ready to be influenced by custom.

46. This line is difficult, and has been variously explained. It seems simplest to take "weigh" in the sense of 'consider', and "of this age" as opposed to "traditional" in l. 45. We should then naturally expect something to balance "ceremonies"; and "grossness" might well have the meaning of 'bluntness', 'disregard for nice distinctions'. (Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 1. 68: "in the gross and scope of my opinion".) The line might then be paraphrased thus: 'Look at the question broadly, as people do nowadays'. The point of Buckingham's argument is that York had no right to the protection afforded by a sanctuary—partly because he was too innocent to require it, partly because he was too young to understand what it meant. Shakespeare is here following Holinshed closely.

50. wit, understanding. See "wot" in Glossary.

60. speedy. See on i. 1. 15.

68. Abbott (*Shak. Gram.* §. 409) explains this as a confusion of two constructions, "I dislike the tower *more than any place*", and "*most of all places*".

69. The Tower was not begun until the time of William the Conqueror. In *Richard II.* (v. 1. 2) it is called "Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower". Tradition has a tendency to associate any work whose history is obscure, with some well-known name. The editor has heard a modern Greek attribute the Parthenon to Alexander the Great.

71. re-edified, rebuilt, *i.e.* repaired from time to time.

77. retail'd, recounted. Cf. iv. 4. 335. See Glossary.

79. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 180, l. 9.

81. without characters: *i.e.* even without a written record.

82. the formal vice, Iniquity. In the Moralities one of the conventional ("formal") characters was the Vice, whose struggles with the Devil were the occasion of a great deal of comic 'business'. The allusion here shows that he was given to punning. From other passages we learn that he carried a wooden sword with which he used to belabour his adversary (*Twelfth Night*, iv. 2. 134). It is to him that Hamlet refers when he calls his uncle "a vice of kings" (*Hamlet*, iii. 4. 98), *i.e.* a caricature of royalty.

83. moralize, comment upon, explain, interpret. The "one word" is "live long"—the only part of Gloucester's remark that might have reached the Prince's ear. Mr. Marshall in the *Henry Irving Shakespeare* thinks the play lies in "without characters". The suggestion is tempting. But, according to the *New English Dictionary*, 'character' is not used in the sense of 'strongly developed moral qualities' until the eighteenth century.

84. Attention has often been drawn to Shakespeare's many references to Julius Cæsar. Apart altogether from the play that bears his name, he is more frequently alluded to than any other historical personage.

85. The position of "with" makes the line a little difficult: in prose it would follow "wit". For *wit* see on iii. 1. 50. The elaborate and somewhat forced antithesis between "wit" and "valour" is arranged in the form of a 'chiasmus', *i.e.* of the four terms the first and last form one pair, the second and third another.

86. The allusion is of course to Cæsar's *Commentaries*.

87 f. In *Sonnet* lxxxi. Shakespeare expresses similar faith in the immortality his own pen can confer:—

"Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men"

91. **An if.** See Glossary.

94. **lightly**, readily, commonly. The line means: 'When the spring comes too soon, the summer is apt to be short'.

99. **late**, recently. Cf. ii. 2. 149.

101. **cousin.** See on ii. 1. 64. The difference between the character of the two Princes should be noted, as well as the difference Richard makes in his manner of treating them. The elder is grave and thoughtful, as if he were weighed down with a sense of the responsibility that rested on him. The intellect of the younger is keener: he is "bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable". Both have their suspicions, if not with regard to their own fate, at least with regard to the fate of their relatives. But the Prince is content to hint at his fears (l. 148), while York makes no secret of his feelings. Richard is studiously polite to his elder nephew; with the younger he bandies words full of grim, tragic irony (l. 111). On the audience, who knew the death that was in store for the children, this scene would leave the impression of a tiger playing with his victims.

103. **idle**, unprofitable. Cf. i. 1. 31.

107. **beholding.** Cf. ii. 1. 129. See Glossary.

109. **in me**, over me.

110. Note the tragic irony that pervades York's speeches. Richard's irony, on the other hand, is deliberate, for he had already decided to make away with his nephews.

114. **And being.** The syntax is somewhat loose here. Cf. iii. 5. 92.

118. York plays upon the word "light", using it in the sense of 'valueless'.

126. **will still be**, always insists on being.

128 ff. York likens himself to a monkey, that he may have a chance of referring to the shape of his uncle's shoulders. Johnson sees a further allusion. He says: "At country shows it was common to set the monkey on the back of some other animal, as a *bear*. The Duke, therefore, in calling himself *ape* calls his uncle *bear*." This is possible. For that the bear and the apes were often associated is clear from *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 42: "I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell" (*i.e.*, 'I'll die an old maid').

148. He is thinking of Rivers.

150. *Stage-direction.* Mr. Wright has shown (Clar. Press Ed. of *King Lear*, i. 1. 35) that a "sennet" is a set of notes upon a trumpet, marking the entrance or exit of a procession.

152. **incensed**, stirred up.

154. **parlous.** See on ii. 4. 35.

155. **capable**, intelligent, able. Cf. "incapable" in ii. 2. 18.

157 ff. Note that Richard allows Buckingham to take the initiative in instructing Catesby. Here, as in ii. 2. 112 ff., it suits his purpose to let him play the leader. But it is Richard himself who authorizes Catesby to announce the impending execution of the queen's relatives; and it is he who in his short, sharp, decisive fashion pronounces the doom of Hastings.

159. **closely**: possibly to be taken (like "deeply") with "sworn", in the sense of 'secretly'. It is more natural, however, to suppose that it modifies "conceal", in which case the expression is a little confused—unless, indeed, we take "deeply" with "effect", in the sense of 'cleverly' (cf. iii. 5. 5).

164. **seat royal.** The position of the adjective points to the time when French was the language of the governing class in England, and particularly of the law-courts. Similar phrases still survive—'blood royal', 'heir apparent', 'letters patent'.

165. **his father's sake**, *i.e.* the Prince's father's sake. Holinshed expressly mentions the loyalty of Hastings to Edward. Cf. iii. 2. 53.

169. **no more but this.** Cf. iv. 2. 82.

173. **sit about**, attend a council about.

177. **your talk.** Dr. Abbott points out that the number of the possessive adjective changes, because *your talk* = 'the talk between thee and him'.

179. **divided councils.** Two separate meetings were held, one known to be loyal, the other composed of Richard's adherents.

183. **blood** must be parsed as the 'retained' object.

183. **Pomfret-castle.** The castle of Pontefract (in the West Riding of Yorkshire) was built in 1080, and dismantled by Lambert, the Parliamentary general, in 1649. It was here that Richard II. was murdered. Cf. iii. 3. 11 f.

185. Hastings took Jane Shore under his protection after Edward's death. Delius sees an allusion to their intimacy in i. 1. 75, where see note.

188. Richard repeats the same question in iv. 2. 84, when he sends Tyrrel on his murderous errand. The coincidence can hardly be accidental. Cf. iv. 1. 85; v. 3. 118 ff.

191. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 182, l. 8.

192. **complots,** plots. Cf. "complaints" in the sense of 'plaints' in ii. 2. 67.

195. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 179, l. 19.

200. **digest,** arrange. So in *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 460, we have "an excellent play, well digested in the scenes".

Scene 2.

This scene, the material for which is very largely drawn from Holinshed, brings out clearly the combined weakness and wickedness of Hastings, and so prepares us to acquiesce in his death as well deserved. His conceit and overweening self-confidence are contrasted with the subtlety and hypocrisy of Catesby, who is Richard's real understudy, and whom Hastings misjudges as much as he did his master (l. 22). The amount of 'tragic irony' in his speeches is remarkable, *e.g.* ll. 33, 43, 55, 68, 122.

11. **boar.** See on i. 3. 228. The dream, like so much else in the scene, comes direct from the *Chronicle.*

razed. See Glossary.

25. **wanting instance,** without any motive, groundless.

26. **fond,** foolish. See Glossary.

27. **To.** See on ii. 1. 120.

30. **make pursuit.** See on i. 3. 164.

33. **kindly.** Besides its ordinary sense, the word here is meant to suggest its opposite. For "kindly" might be interpreted 'after his kind', 'according to his nature', *i.e.* 'cruelly'. See on i. 4. 247.

43. **crown.** Shakespeare often plays on the different meanings of this word.

47. **party.** Cf. i. 3. 138.

52. **still** = 'always'—as so frequently.

55. **the death.** Cf. i. 2. 179.

58 f. The grammar of these two lines is difficult. They are intended to explain the "this" of l. 57; and "their tragedy...who" seems to be equivalent to "the tragedy of those who", so that "they" is superfluous.

62. Hastings's confidence in his own ability to do harm grows with characteristic rapidity. The "twelvemonth" of l. 57 has shrunk into a "fortnight".

71. **The princes both**: *i.e.* Richard and Buckingham. See on ii. 1. 29.

72. **the bridge**: London Bridge, where the heads of traitors were exposed.

76. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 179, l. 15.

77. **rood**, cross. See Glossary.

78. **several**, separate.

83. **state**, position.

87. **mistrust**, be apprehensive. Cf. ii. 3. 42.

89. **misdoubt**, suspect. The simple verb is used in a similar sense, *e.g.* "I doubt some foul play" (*Hamlet*, i. 2. 256).

91. **shall we toward.** Such omissions of the verb of motion are frequent, *e.g.* i. 2. 29.

the day is spent. Attention has been drawn to the apparent inconsistency between this and l. 5, where we are told it is early morning. But after all the phrase need not mean that the day is '*far* spent'. It was not yet dinner-time: see l. 122.

92. **have with you** = 'let me have (*i.e.* keep) with you', 'come along'.

Wot. See Glossary.

94. **truth**, loyalty. 'True' is still used = 'loyal'.

97. **Pursuivant**: properly the attendant or follower (*poursuivre*) of a herald.

98. **sirrah.** See Glossary.

103. **By the suggestion**, at the instigation. See Glossary.

107. **hold**, continue.

108. **Gramercy.** See Glossary.

111. **Sir.** Priests who had taken a *bachelor's* degree, went by this title. Cf. Sir Oliver Martext in *As You Like It*, Sir Nathaniel in *Love's Labour's Lost*, &c.

112. **exercise**: used technically in the sense of 'religious duty'. Cf. iii. 7. 64. Here the reference seems to be to the sermon. Prayers are still called 'devotional exercises' in Scotland.

113. **content**, satisfy.

115. **they.** See on i. 3. 219.

116. The latter part of this scene is adapted with but little alteration from Holinshed, where, however, it is not Buckingham but 'a knight' who meets Hastings. To the remark here quoted the *Chronicle* adds the following explanation—"and therewith he laughed upon him, as though he would say, Ye shall have soone".

Scene 3.

Ratcliff is a character of much the same type as Catesby. It is scarcely necessary again to draw attention to the stress laid upon the guilt of the victims (ll. 15, 16), and upon the fulfilment of Margaret's curse.

4. **truth**, faithfulness. Cf. iii. 2. 94.

8. **Dispatch.** See on i. 2. 182.

11. **closure**, enclosure.

13. **slander** = 'scandal'. The two words have the same derivation.

21. **true.** See on iii. 2. 94.

23. **expiate**, finished, fully come. See Glossary.

Scene 4.

The young king had entered London on May 4th. Hastings was arrested at a meeting of Council on June 13th. In the details, and even in the language, of this scene Shakespeare is reproducing Holinshed very closely. The most notable difference is the prominent part here assigned to Buckingham as Gloucester's confidant. In Holinshed's description the Protector, when he withdraws, makes no pretence of consulting anyone.

1. **at once**, to come straight to the point.

5. **wants but nomination:** *i.e.* 'the day only requires to be named'.

8. **inward**, intimate.

10. The contrast between this speech of Buckingham's and the one of Hastings that follows, should be noted carefully. Buckingham is some degrees nearer Richard in ability. His duplicity is more than a match for the self-confidence and presumption of Hastings; and yet the audience, with their fuller knowledge, would feel that Buckingham unwittingly uttered what was profoundly true in l. 13, and what was profoundly untrue in ll. 11, 12.

25. **neglect**, cause to be neglected.

27. **cue.** See Glossary. For other theatrical metaphors cf. ii. 2. 38, 39; iv. 4. 68, 91.

33. This incident of the strawberries comes from *Holinshed*, and ultimately from More, to whom it was probably communicated

by Ely himself (see *Introduction*, p. 11). It has no real connection with the course of the play, for the temporary withdrawal of Ely is quite unnecessary. At the same time there is no doubt that it brings Richard's dissimulation and self-control into greater prominence, while it also provides a dramatic contrast to the scene that follows Gloucester's re-entrance.

36. and will. Such omissions of the subject, where it can be easily supplied, are not uncommon in Shakespeare.

41. worshipful. See on iii. 7. 138.

44. triumph: used here for 'ceremonial' in a general sense.

47. prolong'd, postponed. So in *Ezekiel*, xii. 22: "The days are prolonged" is contrasted with "The days are at hand" of the following verse. (Cf. verse 25 of the same chapter.)

50. cheerfully and smooth. See on i. 1. 22.

51. conceit, idea. See Glossary.

likes, pleases. Dr. Abbott (*Shak. Gram.* § 297) draws attention to the great number of impersonal verbs used in Elizabethan English.

57. likelihood, [outward] sign.

58. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 180, l. 19.

61. Holinshed tells us that when Richard re-entered on this occasion, he was "changed with a wonderfull soure angrie countenance, knitting the browes, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lips".

66. presence: collective, not abstract. Cf. i. 3. 54.

70. "And therwith he plucked up his dublet sleeve to his elbow upon his left arme, when he shewed a weerish, withered arme, and small; as it was never other."

73. Consorted with, in league with. The word occurs in a good sense in iii. 7. 137.

80. Ratcliff. The appearance of Ratcliff here is due to confusion of some kind with Catesby. The two fulfil much the same sort of function in the play, and it is possible that (as has been suggested) both were played by the same actor. At all events it should obviously be Catesby who is present now; for in the preceding scene—which is supposed to take place on the same day—we find Ratcliff at Pomfret, of which castle he was governor.

83. 'Had I not been so foolish, I might have taken precautions against this.' See "fond" and "prevented" in Glossary.

86. foot-cloth horse. The 'foot-cloth' was a rich covering that hung over the sides of a horse: it was only used when the horse was not required to proceed at more than a walking pace.

87. startled, started.

89. **want the priest.** He has "shriving work on hand" now.

94. See on i. 3. 197.

96. **Dispatch,** make haste. See on i. 2. 182.

98. **momentary,** lasting but a moment, transitory.

100. **in air of your good looks:** *i.e.* on the airy foundation of men's friendly looks.

104. **bootless.** See "boot" in Glossary.

109. *i.e.* 'Some of those that are now smiling at me, will soon meet the same fate'.

Scene 5.

The stage-direction "*in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured*" is best explained by Holinshed, who says that it was armour "such as no man would wene that they would have vouchsafed to have put on their backes, excepte some sodeyne necessitie had constraigned them". The cue of Richard and Buckingham was to pretend that they were in momentary expectation of a sudden attack from conspirators.

5. **deep,** experienced, skilful. Cf. iii. 7. 75. For another description of acting, see Hamlet's advice to the players (*Hamlet*, iii. 2).

8. **Intending,** pretending. Cf. iii. 7. 45.

10. **offices,** special functions, places. Cf. "the tongue's office" in *Richard II.*, i. 3. 256, and, again, in the same play (ii. 1. 47):—

> "This precious stone set in the silver sea,
> Which serves it in the office of a wall".

25. **plainest harmless:** best taken together, the superlative being treated as an adverb. Cf. l. 33.

27. **book,** note-book—as is clear from the context.

30. **apparent,** obvious.

31. **conversation,** connection.

32. **from,** away from, free from. This sense of the preposition is very common in Shakespeare. See on iv. 4. 255.

attainder of suspect, taint of suspicion. Cf. i. 3. 89. For *attainder* see Glossary.

33. **covert'st shelter'd.** See on l. 25.

35. **almost.** The effect of the word here is to intensify the force of the rhetorical question. The *New English Dictionary* compares '*quis fere*' in Latin.

47. **fair befall.** See on i. 3. 282.

55. **have:** attracted into the plural by *friends.*

prevented, anticipated. See Glossary.

56. **heard**: probably the participle is due to a confusion. Dr. Abbott suggests (*Shaks. Gr.*, § 411) that there is an ellipsis of 'to have' before "heard".

61. **Misconstrue us in him**, misinterpret our action in his case.

63. **As well as** = 'as well as if'.

69. **of our intents**, for our plans.

70. **witness**, *i.e.* attest to others.

73. **post**, haste. Cf. i. 1. 146.

74. **your meet'st advantage of the time**, the most advantageous moment you can find.

75. **Infer**, bring forward—of an argument rather than, as now, of a conclusion. Cf. iii. 7. 12, 32; iv. 4. 343; v. 3. 314. When Edward was about to marry Lady Elizabeth Grey, his mother, who objected strongly to the match, tried to prevail upon Lady Elizabeth Lucy to come forward and say that she had been privately married to the king. When, however, Lady Lucy "was solemnlie sworn to saie the truth, she confessed that they were never ensured". In his speech to the citizens Buckingham set this denial aside, and declared that "the children of King Edward the fourth were never lawfullie begotten, for so much as the king (leaving his verie wife dame Elizabeth Lucie) was never lawfullie married unto the queene their mother". Cf. iii. 7. 5, 179.

76. **a citizen**: a man named Burdet, a merchant who dwelt at the 'sign of the crown' in Cheapside. Hall says: "This man merely in ye rufflyng tyme of King Edwarde ye iiij., his rage, saied to his awne sonne that he would make hym in heritor of ye croune, meanyng his awne house: but these wordes King Edward made to be mysconstrued and interpreted that Burdet meant the croune of the realme".

79. **sign.** In those days houses other than taverns were marked by signs. The custom of numbering is of comparatively recent origin. It was only in 1762 that the general use of signs was given up in London.

80. **luxury**, sensuality. See Glossary.

85. **for a need**, at a pinch.

92. **Being.** The construction is a little loose: *being* agrees not with "lineaments" but with 'he', supplied from the "his" of the preceding line. Cf. iii. 7. 11, 13.

96. **the golden fee**, the crown.

98. **Baynard's Castle.** This castle "gave its name to one of the wards of the City of London. It took its name from one *Baynard*, a nobleman who came over with the Conqueror and died in the reign of William Rufus. . . . In 1428 it was entirely destroyed by fire, and was rebuilt by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester; on whose death, 1446, while under attainder, it came into the possession of

Henry VI., and was given by him as a residence to Richard, Duke of York. . . . It was from here that Edward IV. set out in procession, when he went to be crowned at Westminster. . . . *Baynard's Castle* was totally destroyed in the Great Fire, 1666" (Marshall). It stood on the bank of the Thames, not far from St. Paul's.

100. Holinshed, speaking of the efforts made by Richard and Buckingham to win the people to their side, says: "Of spirituall men they tooke such as had wit, and were in authoritie among the people for opinion of their learning, and had no scrupulous conscience. Among these had they Iohn Shaw clearke brother to the maior, and frier Penker, provinciall of the Augustine friers both doctors of divinitie, both great preachers, both of more learning than virtue, of more fame than learning." The "bishops" here spoken of, are those who appear after iii. 7. 94. Their introduction there is, as Mr. Wright points out, due to Hall. Holinshed does not mention them at all. (Cf. *Introduction*, p. 11.)

103. Doctor Shaw. See preceding note, and also the Notes on the *Dramatis Personæ* ("*Lord Mayor of London*").

106. take...order. Cf. i. 4. 288. The arrangements he had in view are more fully explained in iv. 2. 55 ff. It is to be noted that Buckingham is not admitted into the darkest recesses of Richard's confidence. The Protector seems to have known instinctively that there was a point of cruelty beyond which his companion would not go. He does not therefore divulge his ultimate intentions until he thinks he has reached a position whence he can despise the co-operation of Buckingham (iv. 2. 8).

Scene 6.

A *Scrivener* (Lat. *scriba*) was one whose business it was to copy documents.

This short scene is inserted in order to provide an interval during which Buckingham may be supposed to make his speech at the Guildhall. The corresponding passage in Holinshed runs as follows: "Now was this proclamation made within two houres after that [Hastings] was beheaded, and it was so curiouslie indicted, and so faire written in parchment, in so well a set hand, and therewith of it selfe so long a processe, that everie child might well perceive that it was prepared before. . . . So that upon the proclaiming thereof, one that was schoolemaister of Powles of chance standing by, and comparing the shortness of the time with the length of the matter, said unto them that stood about him; Here is a gaie goodlie cast foule cast awaie for hast."

2. engross'd, written out large. The word is used particularly of a type of handwriting peculiar to legal documents. Hence it has come to mean 'put into legal form'.

4. the sequel: *i.e.* what follows from this.

7. **precedent**, original.

9. **Untainted**, free from any stigma.

10. **the while**, in the meantime.

gross, stupid.

12. **blind**: *i.e.* blind to his own danger.

14. **seen in thought**: *i.e.* he who sees it, must not betray his feelings by any outward manifestation.

Scene 7.

The arrest and execution of Hastings had taken place on June 13th. Buckingham's Guildhall speech was delivered on June 17th, and on the following day the deputation appeared at Baynard's Castle. Shakespeare brings all these events into the space of a few hours. (Cf. *Introduction*, p. 12.)

"*several doors*". Cf. iii. 2. 78.

3. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 180, l. 43.

5. **Lady Lucy**. See on iii. 5. 75.

6. **deputy in France**. Warwick went to France, and arranged a marriage between Edward and Bona, sister-in-law to the King of France (cf. *Third Part of Henry VI.* iii. 3. 43 ff.). This contract Edward declined to fulfil.

11. **being**. See on iii. 5. 92.

12. **infer**. Cf. iii. 5. 75.

13. **right idea**, true image.

15. Richard was an able general, and had held command of an army despatched by Edward IV. to attack James III. of Scotland in the interests of the Duke of Albany (1482). His most notable achievement was the capture of Berwick.

16. **discipline**, training, experience. Cf. v. 3. 17.

25. **statuas** appears elsewhere as a trisyllable, *e.g.* twice in *Julius Cæsar* (ii. 2. 76; iii. 2. 192).

breathing stones: *i.e.* things with life but without animation. Cf. "tongueless blocks" (l. 42).

32. **inferr'd**. Cf. iii. 5. 75.

33. **in warrant from himself**, on his own responsibility.

37. **took the vantage of**, took advantage of, *i.e.* seized the opportunity offered by.

40. **Argues**, proves.

wisdoms. The plural is used because the quality is shared by several persons. Cf. "sights" in iv. 1. 25.

45. **intend**. Cf. iii. 5. 8.

46. **by mighty suit**, on urgent request.

48. **churchmen**, ecclesiastics. This is the regular sense of the word in Shakespeare. It is only towards the end of the seventeenth century that 'churchman' comes to mean 'member or supporter of the church'.

49. **descant**. The metaphor is a musical one. See Glossary.

52 f. 'If you play your part as well as I can play mine.'

55. **leads**: the flat roof of a house, covered with lead.

57. **withal**: an emphatic form of 'with'; it is generally placed at the end of the sentence. Cf. Abbott, *Shaks. Gr.*, § 196. See Glossary.

62. **Divinely**, devoutly.

64. **exercise**. See on iii. 2. 112.

72. **day-bed**, couch, sofa.

75. **deep**. Cf. iii. 5. 5.

76. **engross**, make gross, fatten.

89. **me**: redundant pronoun. Cf. "I know thee who thou art" (*Mark*, i. 24).

93. **beads**, prayers. This is the original meaning of the word (cf. German *beten*). The name was afterwards transferred to the parts of the rosary.

95. See on iii. 5. 100.

97. **the fall of vanity**: *i.e.* the fall that awaits vanity.

107. **Neglect the visitation**, &c., neglect the friends who come to visit me.

112. **disgracious**, ungracious. Cf. "discover" for 'uncover' in iv. 4. 240.

115. **amend**. See on i. 3. 33.

120. 'The rank to which fortune has raised you, and to which your birth entitles you.' There is an antithesis between "fortune" and "birth"; and in each case "your" applies to the whole phrase that follows it, as in "your cause of grief".

125. **proper**, suitable.

127. **graft**. The present was originally 'graff', so that this form is quite correct. The participle afterwards came to be used as a present, and to have the *-ed* inflection. Similarly the original form of 'hoist' was 'hoise' (iv. 4. 529).

129. **blind**. See on v. 3. 62.

130. **recure**, set right again.

133 ff. The syntax is again a little loose. The words introduced by the first "as" ("protector", &c.) are in apposition to "your gracious self", and are therefore not strictly parallel to the words

introduced by the second "as" ("your right", &c.), which are in apposition to "the charge and kingly government".

134. **factor**, one who acts on behalf of another, an agent. Cf. iv. 4. 72.

135. **successively**, in succession.

136. **empery**. See Glossary.

137. **consorted with**. See on iii. 4. 73.

138. **worshipful**. Schmidt explains this as if it meant 'worthy to be reverenced'; but here and in iii. 4. 41 the word seems rather to imply 'full of reverence'.

144. The predicate to "If not to answer" must be supplied from the verb in the preceding line.

147. **fondly**. Cf. iii. 2. 26.

148. See on l. 144.

150. **check'd** = should check.

153. **Definitively**, decidedly.

155. **Unmeritable**, devoid of merit.

157. **that** = 'if [that]'. Cf. in French '*si...et que*'.

even, smooth.

158. **my ripe revenue**: *i.e.* 'something which I have a right to, and which the time has come for me to enjoy'.

159. **much**: an adjective here.

162. For the metaphor cf. iv. 4, 233.

166. 'I lack many of the qualities necessary for helping you, if you should require help.'

168. **stealing**. For the sense cf. v. 3. 85.

174. **argues**. Cf. l. 40.

175. **the respects thereof**, the considerations that have determined your attitude.

nice, over subtle.

179. **contráct**. See on i. 4. 192.

181. See on l. 5.

182. **sister**. She was really his sister-in-law.

183. **petitioner**. Edward first made the acquaintance of Lady Grey when she came to sue for her husband's lands. The scene is described in *Third Part of Henry VI.* (iii. 2).

184. **a many**. We still say '*a* few' and '*a* good many'.

187. **purchase**, capture. See Glossary.

188. **pitch**. The metaphor is taken from falconry, the *pitch* being the highest point the bird reached.

189. **declension**, deterioration, decline.

bigamy. According to the law of the church *bigamy* included marriage with a widow. And it is probably to this and not to his alleged marriage to Lady Lucy that reference is here made. For we read in Holinshed that Edward's mother, before bringing forward Lady Lucy at all, urged on her son that the mere fact that Lady Elizabeth Grey was a widow, should prevent him from marrying her. "The onlie widowhead of Elizabeth Greie, though she were in all other things convenient for you, should yet suffice (as me seemeth) to refraine you from hir mariage, sith it is an unfitting thing, and a verie blemish and high disparagement to the sacred majestie of a prince, that ought as nigh to approach priesthood in cleannesse as he dooth in dignitie, to be defiled with bigamie in his first mariage."

191: as if Edward were but a prince 'by courtesy'.

192. The more telling argument which he professes to have in reserve is the one set forth in iii. 5. 85.

196. **benefit**: used here with something of a legal force, in the sense of benefaction or bestowal of rights. Cf. *First Part of Henry VI.*, v. 4. 152.

197. **withal.** See Glossary.

198. **draw forth**, rescue.

210. **As.** A parenthesis of this sort would now be introduced by 'for'. See Abbott, *Shaks. Gr.*, § 110.

211. **effeminate remorse**, woman-like compassion. See on i. 2. 156.

213. **egally** = equally. See Glossary.

estates, ranks.

219. **'zounds! I'll entreat.** The Folio reads "we will entreat", and consequently omits the next line. This is a good instance of one type of changes—those made to avoid the penalties imposed by Act of Parliament (1606) upon the use of blasphemous language. (Cf. *Introduction*, p. 17.) For *'zounds* see Glossary.

229. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 180, l. 10.

232. **your imposition**, what you put upon me.

233. **Your mere enforcement**, the simple fact that you have compelled me.

acquittance, acquit.

235. **he.** See on i. 3. 212.

Act IV.—Scene I.

The curtain fell on Richard hypocritically withdrawing to his "holy task". It rises on a group of those who have suffered, or are yet to suffer, most severely from his cruel schemes. They know nothing of what had happened at Baynard's Castle.

1. **niece**: here used for 'grand-daughter'. Cf. Latin *neptis*, from which the English word is derived.

3. **for my life.** We should say 'upon'.

7. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 180, l. 10.

24. **in law**: through her marriage with Richard.

25. **sights.** For the plural see on iii. 7. 40.

26. **thy office.** Brakenbury was keeper of the Tower.

27. **leave it so**, abandon my office in that way.

31. **reverend**, venerable.

looker on, beholder.

two fair queens: her two daughters-in-law, Elizabeth and Anne.

41. His brother, Lord Grey, had already been put to death.

43. **with Richmond.** After the battle of Tewkesbury Richmond had taken refuge in Brittany. Cf. iv. 3. 40; 4. 523; v. 3. 324.

from. See on iii. 5. 32.

46. See on i. 3. 197.

47. **counted**, acknowledged.

49. **swift.** See on i. 1. 15. Or possibly it may mean 'swiftly passing'.

50. **my son**: Richmond, who was Stanley's stepson. See on i. 3. 20.

53. **ill-dispersing**, 'scattering friends miserably' (Schmidt).

55. **cockatrice.** See on i. 2. 150.

56. **unavoided.** See on i. 4. 27.

59. **inclusive verge**, encircling rim,—an allusion to "the ancient mode of punishing a regicide or any other egregious criminal, viz. by placing a crown of iron, heated red-hot, upon his head" (Steevens). This is the form of torture Goldsmith refers to in his *Traveller*, when he speaks of "Luke's iron crown".

60. **round**: probably a verb (='surround'). Dr. Abbott, however, regards it as a preposition.

65. **To feed my humour**, to please me.

66 ff. Anne, like the rest of Richard's victims, before her final exit openly acknowledges the justice of the fate she foresaw to be awaiting her.

70. **dead saint.** See on i. 2. 5.

73. **so old a widow.** As she was young at the time of her 'husband's' death, she would have a long 'widowhood' in prospect.

76. **life.** It is worth noting that in the corresponding passage (i. 2. 27) she says "death". And so the Quartos read here.

80. **Grossly.** For the sense cf. "gross" in iii. 6. 10.

84. Why is sleep called "golden" here and "leaden" in v. 3. 105?

95. **lie**: expresses a wish.

96. **Eighty odd.** The Duchess was only sixty-eight at this time. Shakespeare purposely exaggerates her age to increase the pathos of her situation. Cf. his treatment of Rutland. (See on i. 3. 183.)

97. **teen.** See Glossary. For the significance of the rhyme see *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 187, l. 6.

98 ff. This touching farewell fitly prepares us for the revelation of Richard's cruel purpose, which we have given us in the next scene.

100. **envy.** See on i. 3. 26.

102. **ragged**, rough. So in *As You Like It*, ii. 5. 15: "My voice is ragged".

Scene 2.

In this scene the climax of the play is reached. Richard attains to the summit of his ambition. But the consciousness that he is after all a usurper leads him to meditate the foulest of his crimes—the murder of his innocent nephews. Buckingham, who had followed him so far, hesitates now and refuses to be his accomplice. Richard casts him off, and for the moment seems to stand alone. But even in his final interview with the tool which he discards, we can discern the first signs of apprehension and of loss of self-command, the first indications that the tide of fortune was to turn against him.

5. **a**=one. See Glossary.

8. **play the touch**, act the part of touchstone. A touchstone was a stone used to test the amount of alloy gold or silver contains. The fineness of the metal was guaged by the colour left when the touchstone was passed over it. In classical times the best touchstone came from Lydia; now it comes from India.

9. **current.** Cf. i. 2. 84.

15. Richard is not satisfied to understand Buckingham's words in the sense in which they were spoken. He professes to regard them not as a reply to, but as a "consequence" (*i.e.* continuation. Cf. iv. 4. 6) of what he himself has just said. (The punctuation of the Cambridge edition, which is that of the Quartos and Folios, has been adopted in. l. 16, as bringing out this point more clearly.) He misinterprets Stanley in a somewhat similar way in iv. 4. 476. A good parallel will be found in *King John*, iv. 1. 10.

19. **suddenly.** Cf. i. 3. 346.

23. The details regarding the murder of the Princes come from Holinshed, but the idea of Buckingham being consulted is Shakespeare's own.

26. **resolve,** inform. See Glossary.

27. **the lip.** The article is here used for the possessive adjective pronoun, as in French and Greek.

28. **iron-witted,** 'unfeeling' (Schmidt).

29. **unrespective,** thoughtless. Cf. i. 3. 296.

30. **considerate,** watchful, searching.

35. **close.** Cf. i. 1. 158.

37. Note the double alliteration.

42. **witty,** artful. Cf. iii. 1. 50. See "wot" in Glossary.

51. Holinshed says: "After this [Richard] procured a common rumor (but he would not have the author knowne) to be published and spread abroad among the common people, that the queene was dead; to the intent that she taking some conceit of this strange fame, should fall into some sudden sicknesse or greevous maladie; and to proove if afterwards she should fortune by that or anie other waies to lease her life, whether her people would impute hir death to the thought or sicknesse, or thereof would laie the blame to him."

53. 'I will make arrangements for her being detained indoors.'

56. According to Holinshed, Clarence's son had spent so much of his life in prison that he was quite different from other children.

57. Even Catesby is staggered for a moment at the nature of the orders he receives.

59. **it stands me much upon,** it is of the utmost importance to me. The grammar of the phrase is difficult. Abbott (*Shak. Gr.*, § 204) makes *me* the dative case and *upon* an adverb, comparing with this sense of *it stands upon* the Latin *instat*, and the Greek προσήκει.

64 f. Cf. *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 136 ff.—

> "I am in blood
> Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er".

65. **pluck on,** draw after it.

66. **Tear-falling,** making tears fall. In this compound the verb is transitive and governs the noun. Cf. v. iii. 135, 163.

75. **deal upon,** deal with.

77. **open means to come,** free access.

81. **There is no more but so,** that is all. Cf. iii. 1. 169.

82. **prefer thee,** give thee preferment.

84. See on iii. 1. 188.

85. **Ye**: sounds a little strange and formal, but is obviously an echo of the royal "we" of the preceding line.

98. This prophecy is again referred to in v. 3. 129. It occurs in *Third Part of Henry VI.*, iv. 6. 68.

Henry. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 179, l. 16.

103. **chance.** 'How chance (it)?' is frequent in the sense of 'How does it happen that?'

108. **Rougemont.** This anecdote is one of the incidents mentioned in Holinshed, but not in Hall.

117. **Jack.** On old clocks the hours were struck by a little figure with a hammer, who was known as the 'Jack-o'-the-clock'. (Cf. note on i. 3. 53.) Richard is answering somewhat at random, and we should therefore perhaps refrain from pressing the sense too closely. The general idea, however, seems to be that Buckingham's persistency in breaking in at regular intervals upon his master's meditation with his repeated request, is like the action of a 'Jack' striking the hours upon a bell. Richard expresses the wish that the hour might strike and be done with it, as if that would carry with it the consequence that Buckingham would be done with it too. In this case "keep'st the stroke" will mean 'keepest on striking' rather than 'keepest back the stroke'. Mr. Wright gives the former meaning, Schmidt the latter.

120. **resolve.** See Glossary.

126. **Brecknock**: where Buckingham had a manor.

Scene 3.

While the beauty of the language softens the mere physical horror of the murder (cf. *Introduction*, p. 14), it deepens the pathos of the children's fate. The remorse of the murderers has a similar effect.

2. **arch**, chief, supreme. The adjective is now generally associated (as here) with words that have a sinister sense—'arch foe', 'arch villain', &c.

6. **flesh'd**: a hunting metaphor. 'To "flesh" a dog or falcon was to reward it with a portion of the first game which it killed' (Wright). See Glossary.

8. **deaths'...stories.** For the plurals see on iii. 7. 40.

12. **a.** See Glossary.

18. **replenished**, finished.

19. **prime**, first (in order of time). It is used as a noun in the sense of 'first part' in iv. 4. 170.

20. **gone**, overcome.

25. **gave in charge.** Cf. i. 1. 85.

29 f. According to Holinshed the priest who buried the children died soon afterwards, carrying with him to the grave the secret of their resting-place. In 1674 during alterations at the White Tower some workmen discovered the bones of two children. It was at once concluded that these were the remains of the young Princes, and by Charles the Second's orders they were placed in Henry the Seventh's chapel at Westminster.

31. **at after supper.** It seems simplest to regard *after supper* as a compound noun, meaning the lighter meal that followed supper. Cf. *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v. 1. 34.

32. **process**, tale, story. Cf. iv. 4. 253.

37. As a matter of history this scheme for the marriage of Clarence's daughter was not carried out. She subsequently became Countess of Salisbury. Many years afterwards (1541) she was cruelly beheaded by Henry VIII., who was enraged at the strong position her son, Cardinal Pole, had taken up on the Divorce question. In recording her death Holinshed says that she was "the last of the Plantagenets".

39. Anne died on March 16, 1485.

40. **the Breton.** See on iv. 1. 43.

42. **looks proudly o'er the crown:** as if he already regarded it as his own.

46. Ely had been put into Buckingham's custody at Brecknock.

48. **power**, army. We use 'force' in this sense.

51 ff. 'I have heard that anxious discussion serves only to produce delay: delay brings in its train helpless and sluggish inactivity: speedy action must carry me through my troubles.' Notice the fine personifications. The same feverish desire for instant action is very strongly marked in Macbeth at the corresponding stage in his career—

> "The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
> Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
> The very firstlings of my heart shall be
> The firstlings of my hand". (*Macbeth*, iv. 1. 145.)

Attention has already been drawn (iv. 2. 65) to a striking parallel between the two plays, and others will readily suggest themselves. A comparison of these will show that there is much in Richard's character that recalls the more mature study embodied in Macbeth. (Cf. *Introduction*, p. 9).

56. **my counsel is my shield**, *i.e.* 'Deliberation is useless; we must fight'.

Scene 4.

The style of this scene is markedly inferior to that of the one immediately preceding. The language is more strained, and frequently falls short of the highest level of tragic dignity. From the point of view of dramatic construction, too, the scene is crude. The picture of the noble ladies seating themselves upon the ground and giving way to lamentation and woe has in it a *naïveté* that seems to belong to the infancy of the drama. It is this inequality of workmanship that has led to such hypotheses as that of Mr. Fleay (*Introduction*, pp. 15, 16).

In his endeavour to win Elizabeth's consent to his marriage with her daughter, Richard shows much of his former power. But in the end his growing apprehension and weakness of nerve manifest themselves in the outbursts of temper to which he gives way, as successive items of bad news crowd in upon him. This latter part of the scene should be compared with *Macbeth*, v. 3. 11 ff.

1 f. The figure here is somewhat complicated. To begin with, we have the idea of fruit falling through being over-ripe. Cf. *Macbeth*, iv. 3. 237—

> "Macbeth
> Is ripe for shaking".

Further, at the foot of the tree death—represented as a skeleton—is waiting to devour it as it falls.

2. rotten mouth of death. The point of this has been explained in the preceding note. Cf. "the hollow eyes of death" (*Richard II.*, ii. 1. 270), and "the carrion Death" (*i.e.* skull) which the Prince of Morocco finds in his casket (*Merchant of Venice*, ii. 7. 63). We still call a skull 'a death's head'.

5. induction. Cf. i. 1. 32.

6. consequence. Cf. iv. 2. 15.

15. right for right, 'justice answering to the claim of justice' (Johnson). For the sense, cf. *Introduction*, p. 10, and for the collocation of words cf. "Wrong hath but wrong" (v. 1. 29). For the rhyme see *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 187, l. 35.

16. aged night. Schmidt explains = 'night of old age'. This is hardly adequate. "Hath dimmed your infant morn to night" would naturally mean 'hath slain you in your infancy'; and that is the sense required by the context. Some confusion, however, is caused by the epithet *aged*, which is introduced for the sake of the antithesis to *infant*. The two do not really balance one another. *Your infant morn* means 'your bright young lives'; *aged night* might be paraphrased as 'the darkness that death brings upon the aged'.

20. quit, requite. See Glossary.

21. **a dying debt**: *i.e.* a debt that can only be paid by death. How would you parse "dying" here?

24. 'Surely never before has Providence permitted such a foul crime.' So Macduff, when he hears of the death of his wife and children (*Macbeth*, iv. 3. 223)—

"Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part?"

26. **Blind sight.** See on i. 2. 153.

mortal. For the sense cf. v. 3. 124.

28. **Brief**: used for the sake of the contrast with "tedious". See on i. 4. 89 f. The Duchess, who is addressing herself, means that in her person she sums up the experience of many weary years of life.

29. **lawful.** The epithet seems to have no special significance here, but to be used mainly for the oxymoron. How many instances of this figure can you find in these few lines?

31. **thou**: *i.e.* "England's lawful earth".

34. **but I.** Cf. ii. 2. 76.

35. **reverend.** Cf. iv. 1. 31.

36. **seniory**, seniority. "The benefit of seniory" is priority.

37. **frown on the upper hand**, take precedence over yours.

40. Cf. *Third Henry VI.*, v. 5. For the iteration see on i. 2. 62.

41. Cf. *Third Henry VI.*, v. 6.

42 f. Cf. iv. 3.

44. Cf. *Third Henry VI.*, i. 4.

45. Cf. *Third Henry VI.*, i. 3.

51. See on ii. 1. 122.

52. **grand** here has almost a sinister sense, such as now attaches to "arch" (iv. 3. 2). Cf. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 192: "So clomb this first grand Thief into God's fold".

53. **galled**, made painful by weeping. See Glossary.

56. **carnal**=carnivorous, *i.e.* cruel. No other instance of this sense is quoted in the *New English Dictionary*.

58. **pew-fellow**, companion: properly one who shares the same pew.

65. **but boot**: *i.e.* he may be thrown in over and above. For *boot*, see Glossary.

68. For the metaphor see on iii. 4. 27.

69. **adulterate**=adulterous.

71. **intelligencer**, agent.

72. **their.** For the plural see on i. 3. 219.

72. **factor.** See on iii. 7. 134.

75. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 186, l. **21.**

77. For the legal metaphor cf. ll. **127** f.

79. Cf. i. 3. 245.

84. **presentation,** show, semblance.

85. **index.** See Glossary.

86. **a-high** = on high.

89. **A sign:** *i.e.* a mere sign and nothing more.

90. Steevens points out that the image suggested is that of a standard-bearer with a showy flag which draws the enemy's fire.

91. **A queen in jest:** as Hamlet's uncle was "a vice of kings". See on iii. 1. 82.

97. **Decline,** go right through from beginning to end.

100. **caitiff.** See Glossary.

103. **fearing one:** *i.e.* living in dread of Richard.

107. **no more but thought,** nothing but the recollection. "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

111. **burthen'd,** heavy.

115. For the significance of the rhyme see *Appendix on Prosoay*, p. 187, l. 6.

118. **fast:** imperative mood.

122. **Bettering,** exaggerating.

127. **attorneys.** The word *attorney* means properly 'one who acts on behalf of another'. (Cf. l. 413; v. 3. 83.)

128. **intestate joys.** The *joys* are dead, and they have died *intestate* because they have left no joys to succeed them.

129. **Poor:** adverb here.

131. **Help not at all,** are of no real use. For the sense of ***help***, see on i. 2. 13.

135. **exclaims.** See on i. 2. 52.

136. **expedition,** march.

142. **owed,** owned. See Glossary.

151. **entreat me fair,** treat me fairly.

152. **clamorous report,** noisy sounds.

157. **a touch of your condition,** 'a spice or particle of your temper or disposition' (Johnson). For *condition* in this sense cf. *Othello*, ii. 1. 255, where Roderigo says of Desdemona: "She's full of most blessed condition". We still speak of an 'ill-conditioned fellow'.

168. **Tetchy,** peevish. See Glossary.

170. **prime.** See on iv. 3. 19.

171. **age confirm'd,** maturity.

172. **kind in hatred:** *i.e.* he added hypocrisy to his cruelty. Possibly there is also a play on the double sense of *kind*. Cf. i. 4. 247.

175. No very satisfactory explanation of this line has been suggested. Some suppose it to be a mere ludicrous phrase for 'hour', like 'Tom Troth' for 'truth'. Others see in it an allusion to 'dining with Duke Humphrey'—a euphemism for not dining at all.

176. **forth of,** out of. "Furth of Scotland" is still regularly used in Scottish legal documents.

177. **disgracious.** See on iii. 7. 112. Observe the repeated plays on the word "grace".

183. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 180, l. 13.

188. **tire:** expresses a wish, as do "fight" (l. 190), "whisper" (l. 192), and "promise" (l. 193).

190. **on the adverse party.** Cf. i. 3. 138.

192. **spirits:** indirect object.

195. **serves,** follows.

attend, wait for.

198 ff. The interview that follows recalls in many of its features the wooing of Anne (Act i., Scene 2).

199. **moe.** See Glossary. Dorset, one of her sons by her first husband, was still alive.

202. **level,** aim.

210. **So,** on condition that.

215. **opposite.** See on ii. 2. 94.

217. **unavoided.** See on i. 4. 27.

218. **avoided grace,** goodness deliberately set aside, *i.e.* wickedness.

222. **cozen'd.** It is not at all improbable that this word is derived from "cousin" (*consobrinus*), and that it meant originally 'to treat one freely as if one were a cousin', hence 'to deceive'.

225. **indirectly.** Cf. iii. 1. 31.

226 f. Steevens points out that this figure was a 'great favourite' with Shakespeare. There is a well-known instance in the trial scene in *The Merchant of Venice*. Cf. *Second Henry IV.*, iv. 5. 108.

229. **still,** constant, continuous.

232. For the metaphor, cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3. 117—

> "Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
> The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark".

234. **Rush.** The strict sequence of tenses is not preserved.

236. **dangerous success**, 'hazardous result' (Marshall).

240. **discover'd.** See on iii. 7. 112.

244. **type**, emblem, sign. The whole line therefore means 'the crown'.

247. **demise**, assign. See Glossary.

249. **withal.** See Glossary. Here the word governs "myself and all". Its position is peculiar, and is probably due—as Dr. Abbott suggests—to the fact that the preceding line ends with "all". Otherwise, it would naturally have followed "thine".

250. **So.** See on l. 209.

Lethe: the river of forgetfulness.

253. **process.** Cf. iv. 3. 32.

254. **telling**: *i.e. in* telling.

date, limit. So "dateless" means 'eternal', *e.g.* "a dateless bargain to engrossing death" (*Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3. 115).

255. **from.** The word-play here depends upon the ambiguity between the ordinary meaning of *from*, and that spoken of in the note to iii. 5. 32. The Old Testament Revisers have taken advantage of this ambiguity in rendering *Job*, xix. 26, "Yet *from* my flesh shall I see God".

274 ff. Cf. i. 3. 177.

283. **Madest quick conveyance with**, quickly made away with.

290. **spoil**, prize. Johnson, however, takes it as 'waste or havock'.

291. **amended.** See on i. 3. 33.

292. **shall deal unadvisedly**, cannot help acting thoughtlessly. *Shall* here retains its original force of obligation (='are bound to'), still preserved in the German *sollen*. Cf. Abbott, *Shak. Gr.*, § 315.

293. **Which.** The antecedent is implied in the preceding line.

300. **doting**, fond.

302. **mettle.** See Glossary. Malone quotes *Macbeth*, i. 7. 73—

> "Thy undaunted mettle should compose
> Nothing but males".

307. **but a son being king**, only with regard to your son being a king.

322. **orient**, bright (literally 'coming from the East'). Cf. *Comus*, l. 65—

> "Offering to every weary traveller
> His orient liquor in a crystal glass".

323. **Advantaging**, increasing by interest. 'Advantage' is used as a noun (='interest'), *e.g. Merchant of Venice*, i. 3. 71—

> "Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
> Upon advantage".

335. **retail**, recount. Cf. iii. 1. 77. Others take it in the sense of 'hand over'.

337. **were I best.** According to Abbott (*Shak. Gr.*, § 230) the correct form of the phrase 'I were best' is '(for) me (it) were best', the substitution of *I* for *me* being due to a misunderstanding of the construction.

340. She means that under whatever title Richard claimed her daughter's hand, the match could not appear otherwise than impious, illegal, dishonourable to herself, and hateful to her daughter.

343. **Infer.** Cf. iii. 5. 75. In the 'stichomuthic' passage which follows attention must be paid to the close connection between one line and another.

351. For the antithesis, see on iii. 1. 85f. Cf. ll. 355 f. *infra.*

354. **likes of it.** Abbott suggests that the use of *of* in such phrases is due to the impersonal verb 'it likes me'. Cf. 'it repents me' and 'I repent of' (*Shak. Gr.*, § 177).

361. **quick.** Richard means 'ready'; Anne interprets it in the sense of 'living'.

366. **my George.** The figure of St. George and the Dragon was not added to the insignia of the Garter till Henry VII.'s reign. The anachronism is of no importance.

367. **Profaned, dishonour'd.** The end of the line shows that the first of these participles qualifies "George", the second "garter". A somewhat similar arrangement of words was noted in ii. 4. 59.

369. **his**: the regular neuter possessive in Shakespeare.

370. **pawn'd his knightly virtue**, *i.e.* 'forfeited the efficacy that attached to it as a symbol of knighthood'.

379. **unity**, union, reconciliation (Act ii., Scene 1).

388 ff. Richard had already "wronged" the future: for it would be filled with the lamentations of those who had suffered from his cruelty.

392. **Ungovern'd**: *i.e.* with none to guide it.

in their age, when they grow old.

394. **with**, along with.

402. **opposite.** Cf. ii. 2. 94.

405. **tender.** Cf. i. 1. 44.

413. **attorney.** See on l. 127.

417. **peevish-fond**, childishly foolish.

426 ff. Elizabeth's consent to the marriage of her daughter with Richard is quite inconsistent with the announcement Derby makes in l. 17 of the following scene—that she had agreed to the betrothal with Richmond. In Cibber's version Elizabeth is at this point made to say in an 'aside' that she will make a show of giving way in order to circumvent Richard. Oechelhaeuser (*Essay über König Richard III.*) attempts at great length to prove upon æsthetic grounds that the hypothesis underlying Cibber's interpolation is the proper solution of the difficulty. He finds in this scene the exact counterpart of the interview with Anne (i. 2): there Richard was advancing triumphantly on his career of villainy, and succeeded even where success seemed impossible; here he is moving surely towards his doom, and is easily outwitted by the most transparent of devices. The main objection to Oechelhaeuser's theory is that there is no reason to suppose that Shakespeare constructed his historical plays on such a symmetrical system. Further, in the *Chronicle* Queen Elizabeth is represented as a woman of the most unstable character, and no hint is given of her having practised upon Richard any deception of the sort that Oechelhaeuser would have us believe in, the success of Richard's suit being expressly attributed to the "glorious promises and flattering words" with which he "pleased and appeased the mutable mind of Queen Elizabeth". The obvious interpretation of the passage is that Elizabeth *did* give way. That she subsequently changed her mind is only another instance of the "inconstancie" for which the chronicler gives her credit. Had Shakespeare so far departed from his authority as to allow her to defeat Richard with his own weapons, he would in all probability have taken pains to make her stratagem perfectly clear to the audience.

438. **hull**, float about with sails furled, *i.e.* lie to.

449. **power.** Cf. iv. 3. 48.

453. The incomplete lines in this passage (432, 457, 467, &c.) serve to bring Richard's impatience more vividly home to us.

465. **White-liver'd.** The liver was supposed to be the seat of courage. Lack of blood would make it white. Cf. 'lily-livered'. The best commentary on the word is *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 83—

> "How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
> As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
> The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
> Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk".

runagate. See Glossary.

467. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 179, l. 31.

470. **the sword,**: *i.e.* the sword of state.

472. Richard had been declared the legitimate heir of York, Edward's daughter being pronounced illegitimate, and the heirs of Clarence being debarred owing to their father's attainder.

476. See on iv. 2. 15. Richard has a thorough distrust of Stanley, and is endeavouring throughout to browbeat him into an admission of disloyalty.

477. **the Welshman.** See on i. 3. 20.

492. **you.** Abbott points out (*Shak. Gr.*, § 232) that the change from "thou" to "you" is here significant of a tone of sharp reproof.

498. **assurance**, security.

501. **advértisèd**, advised, informed.

504. **moe.** See Glossary.

506. **competitors**, persons seeking the same end. The word is used here without any notion of rivalry.

509. **owls.** The cry of the owl was regarded as a portent of death. Editors quote *Macbeth*, ii. 2. 3—

> "It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
> Which gives the stern'st good-night".

512. **fall of waters**, rainfall.

515. **I cry thee mercy.** Cf. ii. 2. 104.

523. **Breton.** See on iv. 1. 43.

528. **Upon his party.** Cf. i. 3. 138.

mistrusting them. According to the *Chronicle* this distrust was well founded. The story told by "those on the banks" was a mere stratagem.

529. **Hoised.** See on iii. 7. 127.

533. Buckingham's abortive rising took place in 1483, Richmond's successful landing in 1485. Shakespeare for obvious reasons brings the two close together. Cf. *Introduction*, p. 12.

537. **reason.** Cf. i. 4. 165.

538. **A royal battle**: *i.e.* one that will decide who is to be king.

539. **take order.** Cf. i. 4. 288.

Scene 5.

The character of Stanley (Derby) is worth some study. Holinshed calls him a "wilie fox", And the part he played was certainly one that called for great caution and self-restraint. All his sympathies were with Richmond, whose step-father he was, and yet he lived in the midst of his enemies without once giving Richard a plausible excuse for laying hands on him.

1. **Sir Christopher**: a clerical title here. Cf. iii. 2. 111. In this case it is applied erroneously, as Urswick was more than a Bachelor of Arts. The detail, however, is of no importance.

3. **frank'd.** Cf. i. 3. 314.

5. **present,** immediate. For the adverb see i. 2. 213.

10. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 179, l. 17.

15. **withal.** See Glossary.

17 ff. See on iv. 4. 426 ff.

Act V.—Scene 1.

Buckingham's execution, which is here represented as taking place immediately before the battle of Bosworth Field, was really carried out in 1483. (Cf. note on iv. 4. 533.) In making Salisbury the scene of his death, Shakespeare is following Hall; Holinshed says he was beheaded at Shrewsbury.

5. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 179, l. 4.

12. For the word-play see on i. 2. 15.

19. **the determined respite of my wrongs:** *i.e.* the appointed time to which the punishment of his wrong-doing has been deferred.

21. **my feigned prayer.** See ii. 1. 32.

25. See on i. 3. 197.

29. **Wrong hath but wrong:** *i.e.* 'the wrong I have done has brought upon me the wrong I now suffer'. It is like the Greek '*δράσαντι παθεῖν*'.

Scene 2.

The advent of Richmond, the 'minister of chastisement', is a sign that the play has entered on its final stage. So strongly did Johnson feel this to be the transition point that he proposed to begin the Act here, tacking the preceding scene on to the end of Act iv.

3. **the bowels of the land.** We say 'the heart of the country'.

5. **our father Stanley.** See on i. 3. 20.

7. **boar.** Cf. iii. 2. 11.

9. **wash,** refuse gathered from washing of various vessels, and used as food for hogs.

10. **swine:** singular here. See Glossary.

14. **cheerly** = cheerily.

17. **a thousand swords.** See on v. 3. 193.

Scene 3.

This scene illustrates the simplicity of stage arrangements in Shakespeare's time. The headquarters of the two armies are represented as lying close together. The leaders on either side enter alternately,

and discuss their plans on precisely the same spot, while from l. 79 to l. 110 Richard is visible to the audience as he lies asleep in his tent within a few feet of where Richmond and Derby are conversing. Again, in the passage where the ghosts appear, the couches of the rival generals are both in full view at one and the same time. The people for whose entertainment the play was written, were quite content to accept this *naïve* method of representation, which is after all an advance on the old Moralities, where the scenery made much greater demands on the imagination. Modern audiences are more exacting, and from Cibber's time onwards stage-managers have lacked the courage to present the scene as it was written. Various changes are made, the boldest being the entire omission of Richmond's dream. That Shakespeare was quite sensible of his limitations, and of the only way to overcome them, is clear from the Prologue to *Henry V.*, Act i. It is sometimes forgotten that precisely similar limitations still exist. Stage scenery must always be accepted for something that it really is not.

5. **ha!** See on i. 3. 234.

11. **battalion**, host. Cf. *Hamlet*, iv. 5. 79.

trebles that account, amounts to three times that number.

13. **upon the adverse party.** Cf. i. 3. 138.

15. **the vantage**: *i.e.* the conditions likely to further success.

16. **sound direction**, approved skill in arranging. "Direction" is used in the sense of 'tactical arrangement' in l. 235, and again in l. 302. The verb occurs in a similar connection in l. 298.

17. **discipline.** Cf. iii. 7. 16.

25. **Limit**, appoint, assign.

29. **keeps**, remains beside.

38. **mighty power.** Cf. iv. 3. 48.

49. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 182, l. 10.

50. **beaver**, the front part of the helmet, here put for the whole. See Glossary.

59. **pursuivant**, messenger. Cf. iii. 2. 97.

62. **blind**, obscure, dark. Cf. iii. 7. 129. A precisely similar transference of meaning takes place in the case of Lat. *caecus* and Gr. *τυφλός*.

63. **watch**: usually explained as a 'watch-light' or candle, the burning of which would indicate how time was passing.

65. **staves**, handles of lances. It was usual for knights to carry two or three spare lances into the field.

68. **melancholy**, gloomy. Malone says Richard called Northumberland *melancholy*, "because he did not join heartily in his cause". Richard was certainly suspicious of his loyalty (l. 271)—and with reason; for Northumberland held aloof from the battle, and was rewarded by Richmond after his victory.

70. **cock-shut time**, twilight. See Glossary.

75. **it**: *i.e.* the bowl of wine, which Ratcliff brings in.

81. **father-in-law**: *i.e.* stepfather. The expression is still in common use in this sense. (Cf. Sam Weller's "mother-in-law".)

83. **attorney**. Cf. iv. 4. 127.

86. **flaky**, because now streaked with light.

88. **battle**, army. Cf. l. 292 and l. 299.

90. **mortal-staring**: *i.e.* 'having a deadly stare, grim-looking' (Schmidt).

92. **With best advantage**, to the best of my opportunity. Cf. iii. 5. 74.

deceive the time, play with the time, temporize. Cf. *Macbeth*, i. 7. 81—

"Away, and mock the time with fairest show".

95. **being seen**. See on i. 3. 162.

tender George. Stanley's son was at this time a married man. In representing him as a boy, Shakespeare follows his authorities.

97. **leisure**, the time at our disposal. Cf. I. 238.

105. **peise**. See Glossary.

110. **bruising irons**. He is thinking of the heavy maces used in battle.

112. **usurping helmets**. The epithet is transferred from the wearers.

115. **watchful**, wakeful.

116. **windows**: a common metaphor with Shakespeare, *e.g.* *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 1. 100—

"The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paley ashes, thy eyes' windows fall".

The ghosts of Richard's victims appear in the precise order in which they met their deaths. Holinshed's account of the dream is very brief. "It seemed to him being asleepe, that he did see diverse images like terrible divels, which pulled and haled him, not suffering him to take anie quiet or rest."

124. **mortal**. Cf. iv. 4. 26.

125. **punched**, pierced.

129. **prophesied**. Cf. iv. 2. 99.

132. **wash'd to death with fulsome wine**, drowned with an excess of wine. Malone explains *fulsome* as 'unctuous', and Schmidt as 'nauseous'. Neither explanation seems quite adequate. The word meant originally 'full'. (Cf. "fulsome ewes", *Merchant of Venice*, i. 3. 87.) The signification of 'nauseous', which the word now has, must have come through an intermediate sense of

'overmuch' ('too full'), 'cloying with excess', and this intermediate sense best suits the context here. Cf. what the Second Murderer says (i. 4. 168): "You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon". In both passages there is something of the same sort of irony as in *Hamlet*, iv. 7. 186: "Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia".

135. **fall**=let fall. See on iv. 2. 66.

156. **annoy**. See Glossary.

148. See *Appendix on Prosody*, p. 182, l. 29.

173. **for hope**. According to Shakespearian idiom this might mean (as Mr. Wright and others say it does) 'for want of hope', *i.e.* 'from despair'. But this does not appear to accord with facts: Buckingham was executed for high treason. The sense of the passage seems rather to be: 'I was put to death on account of the hope I entertained of lending thee aid,—a hope I was not suffered to realize; but do not let this precedent dismay thee: God and good angels are on thy side'.

177. Richard is dreaming of "bloody deeds and death".

180. The reference is to the superstition—alluded to also in *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3. 275—that the presence of a ghost caused lights to burn blue.

193. Cf. *Conscientia mille testes*, probably referred to also in v. 2. 17.

several. Cf. iii. 2. 78.

198. **used**, habitually practised.

219. **in proof**, in armour that has been proved or tested.

221, 222. This is a stage device to make room for Richmond's soldiers.

224. **Cry mercy**. See on ii. 2. 104. For the omission of the personal pronoun cf. such phrases as 'Pray, tell me'.

231. **cried on**, called out.

236. **direction**. Cf. l. 16.

238. **leisure**. Cf. l. 97.

enforcement, constraint. Cf. iii. 7. 233.

243. **except** may be either a past participle or a preposition. The sentence will not bear too close logical analysis. For "Richard except" is not consistent with "him they follow". A good parallel will be found in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 678—

> "God and His Son except,
> Created thing naught valued he nor shunned".

248. **made means**, contrived a way—with a suggestion of unfairness.

250. **foil**, the leaf (Lat. *folium*) of gold in which a jewel was set.

251. **set** has thus a double sense.

254. **ward** = 'guard'—another form of the same word.

258. **fat**, richness.

262. **quit** = 'requite': subjunctive mood expressing a wish. See Glossary.

age: *i.e.* old age. Cf. iv. 4. 394.

263. **all these rights**: *i.e.* country, wives, children.

264. **Advance.** Cf. i. 2. 40.

265. **ransom**: *i.e.* the price to be paid in the event of failure.

268. **thereof.** The first part of this word is redundant, as *of* is required to govern "gain".

271 ff. When Richard and Ratcliff return, they are discussing a remark they had overheard during their eaves-dropping (cf. l. 221). They had been listening to the conversation of Northumberland, whose loyalty was suspected (see on l. 68). For it is with Richard as with Macbeth—

> "Those he commands move only in command,
> Nothing in love" (*Macbeth*, v. 2. 19).

276. **Tell.** Cf. i. iv. 22.

278. **by the book**, according to the calendar.

279. **braved**: *i.e.* made brave (glorious). For this sense of the adjective cf. the Scots word 'braw'.

284. **from.** Cf. iii. v. 32.

293. **foreward**, vanguard.

298. **directed.** See on l. 16.

299. **battle.** Cf. l. 88 and l. 292.

puissance, force.

301. **This**: *i.e.* 'Such is my plan'.

to boot. See Glossary.

302. **direction.** Cf. l. 298.

308. Contrast Richard's words now with ll. 179–206.

314. Richard's 'oration to his army' is full of dash and spirit. There is a ring about it that we miss in Richmond's. Both are taken substantially from *Holinshed's Chronicle.*

inferr'd. Cf. iii. 5. 75.

316. **sort**, set. See Glossary.

runaways. The word does not mean here 'one who runs away', but 'one who runs in the ways', *i.e.* 'a vagabond'.

317. **Bretons.** See on iv. 1. 43.

322. **restrain**, 'lay restrictions on the possession of' (Malone).

324. **our mother's cost.** It was Richard's brother-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy, who supported Richmond in exile. Hall in his version of Richard's speech has "by my brother's meanes, and

mine". In the *second* edition of Holinshed we find, by a printer's error, "by my mother's meanes, and mine". This makes it clear how Shakespeare was misled. Cf. *Introduction*, p. 11.

328. **rags.** Cf. i. 3. 233.

330. **fond.** Cf. iii. 2. 26.

334. **bobb'd**, drubbed. See Glossary.

341. **welkin**, sky. See Glossary. For the metaphor cf. *King Henry V.*, Prologue to Act i. l. 13—

"the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt".

staves. See on v. 3. 65.

343. **deny**, refuse.

345. **past the marsh.** Richmond manœuvred so as to keep his right flank covered by a marsh while he was advancing. As soon as he had got past it, Richard attacked him.

348. **Advance.** Cf. i. 2. 40.

350. **the spleen**, regarded as the seat of anger.

Scene 4.

Richard is a greater monster of cruelty than Macbeth, but he goes to his death in a much more courageous spirit. He trusts in his own good sword, and not in the promises of "juggling fiends". Read *Macbeth*, v. 8. The later picture shows a far deeper knowledge of human nature than the earlier one.

3. **Daring an opposite**, defying an opponent. See on ii. 2. 94.

7. Mr. Wright points out that in the old play of *The True Tragedie of Richard the Third* (published in 1594), almost the only line having anything in common with Shakespeare is Richard's exclamation, "A horse, a horse, a fresh horse".

Scene 5.

Unlike Macbeth, Richard is killed upon the stage.

With Richmond's concluding speech cf. *Introduction*, p. 10.

3. **acquit.** See on i. 4. 192.

4. **royalty** = emblem of royalty, *i.e.* crown.

18. **ta'en the sacrament**: *i.e.* sworn.

21. **That...have.** Cf. i. 3. 219.

35. **Abate**, beat down, blunt.

36. **reduce.** Cf. ii. 2. 68.

APPENDIX

ON

THE PROSODY OF RICHARD III.

"*Cel.* Did'st thou hear these verses?
Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.
Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses."
As You Like It, iii. 2. 172.

If language is to be rhythmical, it must have a certain regularity of movement. In Latin and Greek verse, this regularity of movement is indicated to the ear by *quantity*; in English, as in French and German, it is indicated to the ear by *accent* - that is, by the comparative emphasis which we naturally put upon certain syllables when we pronounce a consecutive series of words intelligibly. This does not, of course, mean that we should read verse precisely as we read prose. But it does mean that when a good line is read properly, its *metrical effect* should be apparent to the ear without any departure from the ordinary rules of pronunciation.

If we attempt to analyse that metrical effect more particularly, we find that it depends mainly upon three things:—

1. **The Number and Grouping of the Syllables.** The syllables falls into sets of two or three, each set forming what is called a *foot* (dissyllabic or trisyllabic). The feet are in their turn grouped into *lines*.

2. **The Character of the Feet.** It has been already said that in English verse the regularity of movement is indicated to the ear by the verbal accent, or, as it may be more correctly called, the *voice stress*. It follows that the rhythmical character of any particular foot is determined by the position and number of the *stressed syllables* it may contain.

3. **The Distribution of the Pauses.** It is impossible to read a piece of verse intelligently without making a certain number of longer or shorter pauses. These pauses ought to correspond to a natural break either in the *metre* or in the *sense*. They are thus within the poet's control, and their due arrangement is almost as essential an element of his art as is the proper management of the individual feet and lines.

Turning now to the line—

"My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear",

we find (1) that there are in it ten syllables, forming five dissyllabic feet; (2) that in each foot there is one stressed syllable, that syllable being in every case the second; (3) that the only important pause is at the end of the line. To indicate the scansion to the eye we should print as follows:—

"My m'an | ly ey'es | did sc'orn | an hu'm | ble te'ar".

This gives us the simplest and most regular form of Shakespearian verse. As a matter of fact, however, the bulk of Shakespeare's lines are not framed precisely after this pattern. If they were, the effect would be monotonous in the extreme. Rather the poet has taken it as the groundwork of his metre. Sometimes he presents it to us plain and unadorned. More frequently, like a skilled musician improvising on a melody, he introduces some of the numberless variations it is capable of receiving, without, however, allowing us for a moment to forget the rhythmical character of his original theme. The more obvious of these variations admit of being classified. In discussing them it will be best to follow the order already laid down, and to treat of them so far as they affect (1) the number and grouping of the syllables, (2) the character of the feet, (3) the distribution of the pauses.

Three preliminary observations, however, ought to be made:—(1) The pronunciation of English has altered somewhat since Shakespeare's time. Consequently the accent or stress occasionally falls outside of what seems to us its natural place. In the text of this edition such differences have been indicated by a mark over the accented syllable. (2) The manner in which Shakespeare's plays were published, makes it impossible for us to be certain that we always have the words as he wrote them. But it seemed better for our purpose to regard the text as fixed and to refrain from suggesting changes, even where an obvious emendation would simplify the metre. (3) Many lines are capable of being read rhythmically in more ways than one. It follows that in not a few of the cases now to be discussed the line admits of a different scansion from that here given.

Variation in the Number of Syllables.

1. Unbroken Lines of Five Feet.

Such lines may deviate from the normal type either through defect or through excess; in other words, they may appear to have either two few syllables or too many. With regard to cases of *defect*, observe:—

(1) In by far the larger number of instances the deficiency is only apparent, and may be made to disappear either by pronouncing as a dissyllable some word that is usually a monosyllable, or by making

an extra syllable out of some sound that does not now usually have syllabic value at all. Examples abound, as—

"Who in | tercepts | my ex | pedit | *i-on?*" (iv. 4. 136).
"*Vaugh-an,* | and all | that have | miscarr | *i-èd*" (v. 1. 5).

Note by the way that 'Vaughan' is always a dissyllable in *Richard III.* (i. 3. 333; ii. 4. 43; iii. 2. 67; 3. 24; iv. 4. 69, 147; v. 3. 142), and with 'miscarrièd' compare 'burièd' in ii. 1. 90. As a rule, the ear is for practical purposes an adequate guide, readily indicating for instance that 'hour' is dissyllabic (='hou-*er*') in iv. 4. 506, and earldom' trisyllabic (='ear-*u*l-dom') in iv. 2. 106. Proper names, however, require special care, for in dealing with these Shakespeare uses great freedom, and indeed seems sometimes to disregard metrical considerations altogether. Thus 'Catesby', which has usually only two syllables, must be scanned with three (='Cat-es-by') in iii. 1. 157; 2. 76; 7. 58. Again, 'Henry' is trisyllabic (='Hen-*e*-ry') in ii. 3. 16 and iv. 2. 98; while similar treatment must be applied to 'Stanley' in iii. 2. 3 and iv. 5. 10, to 'England' in iv. 4. 263, and even to 'Woodville' (='Wood-*e*-ville') in i. 1. 67. 'Hereford', on the other hand, has only two syllables (iii. 1. 195; iv. 2. 93).[1]

(2) Very occasionally the place of a syllable is taken by a brief pause, as—

"And help | to arm | me. | Leave me, | I say" (v. 3. 78).
"But, tell | me, | is young | George Stan | ley liv | ing?" (v. 5. 9).

The extra syllable at the end of the latter of these two lines will be spoken of presently. Meanwhile, for the pause cf. v. 3. 75, 148.

(3) Closely allied to (2) are those rare cases where the voice dwells so long or so strongly on the stressed syllable that the ear is content to dispense with the unstressed one that ought to accompany it, as—

"Self a | gainst self: | *O,* | prepost | erous" (ii. 4. 63).
"*Long* | live Rich | ard, Eng | land's roy | al king!" (iii. 7. 240).

Perhaps in iv. 4. 467 the sarcastic emphasis laid on the word 'guess', which Richard catches up from Stanley and twice repeats, gives it the full force of a foot:—

"Well, sir, | as you | *guess,* | as you | *guess?*"

It is, however, better to regard this as an incomplete line.

Cases of *excess* in the number of syllables are at once more common and more complex than cases of defect. The following classification will be helpful:—

(1) When the superfluous syllables fall *within the feet* they may frequently be elided or slurred over. In many cases the ear at once

[1] To have entered upon any discussion of the phonetic aspects of syllabic variation would have been inconsistent with the plan of this Appendix, which—it may be said—was originally suggested by Mayor's *Chapters on English Metre.* Students are referred to Professor Herford's valuable Appendix to the Warwick Edition of *Richard II.* Those who read German will find König's *Der Vers in Shakspere's Dramen* (Strassburg, 1888) a most thorough and careful piece of work.

suggests a solution of the difficulty. Thus, to quote but a single example, 'conference' has three syllables in i. 1. 86, but readily becomes a dissyllable in i. 1. 104. Nor will there be any hesitation about treating as single syllables such phrases as 'I had', 'what is', 'you will', 'he is', 'I am', and the like, even where the spelling gives no indication that elision is required, as in i. 3. 107; 4. 187, &c. &c. Sometimes it is a consonant that disappears. We are familiar with this in words like 'e*v*en', 'e*v*er', 'ne*v*er' (i. 2. 127; iii. 1. 79). More difficult are 'de*v*il', 'e*v*ils' (i. 2. 50, 76), and 'ei*th*er', 'whe*th*er', 'whi*th*er' (i. 2. 64; iii. 7. 229; iv. 1. 7; 2. 120; v. 5. 11). In iv. 4. 183 there seems to be a choice; but the context shows that we must scan—

"Either thou | wilt die, | by God's | just ord | inance".

The exclamation 'marry' calls for remark. That 'marry as' (i. 3. 313) should form a single foot is natural enough. Cf. 'many a' (iv. 4. 408), 'humbly on' (ii. 2. 105), &c. But it is strange to find in iii. 7. 81,

"Marry, God | forbid | his grace | should say | us nay".

Here, as in ii. 3. 46 and iii. 4. 58, 'Marry' has but the value of a single syllable, although the word which follows it begins with a *consonant*.

(2) Whatever be the correct phonetic account of the matter, the process of slurring is often far from agreeable to the modern ear. In the cases covered by the preceding section it is always a possible and sometimes a preferable way of putting it to say that the superfluous syllables should be pronounced, but pronounced rapidly, the result being a trisyllabic foot.[1] In reading aloud this is certainly the principle to be followed. Feet of three syllables abound in the blank verse of Browning and Swinburne. In Scott's *Rosabelle* the normal metre is a line of four dissyllabic feet, but in the following verse all the lines save one deviate from the type :—

"There are twen | ty of Ros | lin's bar | ons bold
Lie bur | ied within | that fair | chapelle;
Each one | the ho | ly vault | doth hold,
But the sea | holds love | ly Ros | abelle".

In view, then, of the freedom accorded to modern poets, it is hard to see why we should refuse to allow Shakespeare a similar license. The following examples from *Richard III.* seem clear:—

"*Having God*, | her con | science, and | these bars | against | me" (i. 2. 235).
"As one | *that are best* | acquain | ted with | her hum | our" (iv. 4. 269).
"Madam, | we did: | *he desires* | to make | atone | ment" (i. 3. 36).
"In God's | name what | are you, | *and how came* | you hith | er?" (i. 4. 85).
"The cit | izens | are mum | and speak | *not a word*" (iii. 7. 3).

Cf. ii. 1. 39; iii. 7. 21; v. 3. 239, &c.

[1] It is a suggestive fact that, while 'superfluous' syllables of this sort abound in the dramas (where rapid pronunciation is often natural), they hardly ever occur in the *Sonnets* at all.

(3) So far we have been speaking of superfluous syllables that fall within the feet. More remarkable is the occurrence of such syllables apparently *outside* of the metrical system proper. The commonest case of the kind is when the fifth foot is followed by an unstressed or lightly stressed syllable, forming what is called a 'double' or 'feminine' ending to the line. The first four of the lines just quoted will furnish examples, and others may be found on any page of the text. This was a variation of which Shakespeare grew increasingly fond as his powers matured; and it provides one of the 'metrical tests' which scholars have applied to assist them in determining the chronological order of his dramas. The rule is not absolute, especially as regards his earlier works; but, generally speaking, the presumption is that the greater the number of such endings in any play, the later its date.[1] In *Richard III.* about 670 lines, or 1 in every 5 or 6, end in this way. Further, the feminine ending may consist of *two* syllables, as—

"To fight | in quarr | el of | the house | of Lan | *caster*" (i. 4. 209).
"I was; | but I | do find | more pain | in ban | *ishment*" (i. 3. 168).

In such cases the line concludes either with a proper name (ii. 2. 123; iv. 4. 508; v. 3. 68), or with a word the last two syllables of which, taken together, can be pronounced with peculiar lightness, as 'maj*esty*' (i. 1. 16; 3. 1; ii. 1. 75), 'lib*erty*' (i. 3. 305; iii. 6. 9), 'gent*leman*' (iv. 2. 36; v. 3. 245). Cf. iii. 1. 71, 198; 5. 76; 7. 9, 113; iv. 3. 53; 4. 170, 217.

(4) A similar extra-metrical syllable may occur after (*a*) the *second* or (*b*) the *third* foot of a line, if there be a decided break or pause at that point, as—

(*a*) "My lord, | good morr | *ow*; | good morr | ow, Cat | esby" (iii. 2. 76).
(*b*) "Rivers, | that died | at Pom | *fret*! | despair, | and die" (v. 3. 140).

The following may be scanned on this principle, though in several instances a trisyllabic foot would dispose of the difficulty equally well:—(*a*) i. 4. 165; iii. 3. 17; iv. 4. 485; 5. 10; v. 3. 7, 289, and (*b*) i. 4. 202; iv. 1. 34. In i. 1. 105 and iii. 1. 37 there are two extra syllables inserted in this way in the line, the words concerned being 'Bracken*bury*' and 'Buck*ingham*'. There is nothing to prevent one and the same line having extra-metrical syllables in both places—at the end and in the middle. So (ii. 4. 12)—

"More than | my broth | *er*: | 'Ay', quoth | my unc | le Glouce | *ster*".

Cf. iv. 1. 19.

(5) A much rarer variation is the insertion of an extra-metrical syllable at the beginning of a line. Thus (iii. 7. 224)—

"*Well,*) call them | again. | I am | not made | of stones".

[1] See Dowden's *Shakespeare Primer*, pp. 39–46.

Here the sense of the line suggests that "Well" should be taken by itself rather than that one of the feet should be trisyllabic. In this and the other cases cited below the extra syllable forms a separate word that might be omitted without serious detriment to the meaning. For phrases like "Cry mercy" in v. 3. 224, show that "I" might be dispensed with in i. 1. 103—

"*I*) beseech | your grace | to par | don me, and | withal".

Cf. i. 1. 49, 84, 95; ii. 4. 26; iii. 1. 191.

2. Incomplete and Broken Lines.

An 'incomplete' line is one that contains fewer feet than five; a 'broken' line is one that is divided between two or more speakers. These lines deserve careful attention, for many of them fall more readily into the rhythmical system than might be at first supposed. The different forms they assume is one of the chief means of lending variety to the dialogue, and hence they are more numerous in the later plays than in the earlier ones. The more thorough Shakespeare's mastery over his metre became, the more freedom did he use in handling it. *Incomplete lines* may be arranged in the following classes:—

(1) Lines which consist of brief exclamations, such as "Tush" (i. 3. 350), "Right" (i. 4. 248), "Boy" (iv. 2. 32), and so on. Where they do not stand by themselves, they usually occur at the beginning or end of a speech; occasionally, however, they occur in the middle (i. 2. 239; 4. 218).

(2) Lines that contain short questions, answers, commands, or phrases expressing assent. Instances are numerous, some standing by themselves, others forming part of a longer speech. Sometimes they begin with an extra-metrical syllable (iii. 1. 90, 143; 3. 1; 7. 23).

(3) Lines which are completed not by words, but by a significant pause, or by some action performed upon the stage, as in v. 3. 49. The most common case is the occurrence of such a line before an exit or an entrance, as iii. 4. 60; 7. 70; iv. 3. 35. Usually it is the end of the line that is left incomplete. But the break may be in the middle. Thus in iv. 4. 428—

"I go. | ——— | Write to | me ve | ry short | ly",

we may suppose that Elizabeth begins her exit after the first foot, but turns back to give expression to an afterthought.

Lines that are apparently incomplete will often turn out to be parts of broken lines. Of *broken lines*, two main varieties may be distinguished—

(1) The parts may, when united, form an ordinary line of *five feet*. This may be perfectly simple and regular, as i. 1. 43, or it may be varied. The limits of variation are wider than in the unbroken five-

feet line. Thus a 'feminine ending' may occur not merely after the second, third, or fifth foot, but at any point in the line, as—

"What says | *he*?
My lord, he doth entreat your grace" (iii. 7. 59).
"I thank | your grace. |
My lord | of E | *ly*!
| My lord?" (iii. 4. 32).

Again, in a broken line an extra-metrical syllable is admissible not merely at the beginning of the whole line (i. 2. 226), but also at the beginning of the second part of it, as in iv. 2. 114—

"Of what | you pro | mised me. |
Well,) but what's o'clock?"

Cf. v. 3. 214. This is the explanation of v. 3. 186, which is really a broken line, as Richard's soliloquy becomes a dialogue with himself.

"Lest I | revenge. | *What,*) myself | upon | myself?"

Sometimes an interruption is disregarded, as in v. 3. 281—

"Ratcliff! |
[*My lord?*]
The sun | will not | be seen | to-day".

Occasionally different speakers provide alternative endings for a line, as if both spoke together. So i. 3. 136, 137—

"Yea, and | forswore | himself, | —*which Je* | *su par* | *don!*
Q. MAR. *Which God* | *revenge!*"

Lastly, sometimes the same set of words may be taken either as the end of one line or as the beginning of another, forming what is called a 'common section'. Thus in ii. 4. 40—

"How fares | the prince? |
Well, ma | *dam, and* | *in health.*
What is | thy news | then?"

Similar instances of verses running, as it were, into each other will be found in iii. 2. 119–120; 5. 12, 13; iv. 2. 2, 3, &c.

(2) The parts of the broken line may, when united, form a line of *six feet.* The most important case of the kind is where such a line is equally divided between two speakers. In i. 2. 193–203, when the dialogue between Richard and Anne becomes very rapid, we have in succession eleven lines of three feet each.

In iii. 5. 15, both parts of the couplet are uttered by one speaker, who is interrupted in the middle—

"Look to | the draw | bridge there! |
[*Hark! a drum.*]
Catesby, | o'erlook | the walls."

In iv. ii. 45 the interruption is not verbal—

"And stops | he now | for breath? |
[*Enter* STANLEY.]
"How now! | what news | with you?"

Even where there is no actual interruption, a decided internal sense-pause may give rise to a line of six feet, as v. 3. 187—

"Alack, | I love | myself. | Wherefore? | for a | ny good".

Perhaps v. 3. 72 and 209 may be similarly explained.

3. Unbroken Lines of more than Five Feet.

In *Richard III.* we have one line of seven feet (i. 1. 94); but this is altogether exceptional, and may be due to a corruption of the text, or possibly it is a quotation—it reads like the catch of a song. Genuine 'Alexandrines', as lines of six feet are called, are also exceedingly rare (perhaps ii. 1. 133; iii. 1. 39), although apparent ones are fairly common. Some of the latter have already been dealt with in discussing broken lines and dissyllabic feminine endings. The remainder may be accounted for in one or other of two ways.

(1) The superfluity of syllables may be due to a corresponding deficiency in the preceding or the following line, the ear accepting the one as compensation for the other. So v. iii. 298, 299—

"They thus | direct | ed, we | will foll | ow
In the | main batt | le, whose | puissance | on eith | er side",

and perhaps v. 3. 52, 53.

(2) Apparent Alexandrines may often be scanned as lines of five feet, some of the syllables lending themselves naturally to rapid pronunciation. Objection, however, was early taken to such lines, as is clear from the fact that in the Folio text (see *Introduction*, p. 17) an attempt is usually made to mend the metre. The following are the more important instances:—

"En)viron'd | me about, | and howl | èd in | mine ears" (i. 4. 59).
"I pro | mise you, I am | afraid | to hear | you tell | it" (i. 4. 65).
"And hugg'd | me in his arm, | and kind | ly kiss'd | my cheek" (ii. 2. 24).
"And being | but a toy, | which is | no grief | to give" (iii. 1. 114).
"Thou art sworn | as deep | ly to effect | what we | intend" (iii. 1. 158).

Dr Abbott (*Shak. Gr.*, § 498) scans i. 4. 250 in a similar way; but perhaps the momentous character of the announcement there made justifies an Alexandrine.

Variation in the Character of the Feet.

This will naturally depend upon variation in the stress, and for stress variation no definite rules can be laid down. Its principles are part of the secret of the poet's art. The student ought to select one or two passages, and go through them carefully, noticing for himself

the incidence and strength of the stresses in each line. To do this will always help him to a juster appreciation of the music of the verse, and will often throw new light upon the meaning. In v. iii. 130, for instance,

"Doth com | fort thee | in thy | sleep: live, | and flour | ish",

the emphasis on 'thee' and 'thy' is important for the sense. It may be useful to direct attention to one or two particular points.

(1) The stress varies in *position*. Instead of falling on the second syllable it sometimes falls on the first, giving the foot a 'trochaic' rather than an 'iambic' rhythm. Stress inversion of this sort is very frequent, and may occur more than once in the same line. It is commonest in the first foot, and is more common in the third and fourth feet than in the second. It is often preceded by a pause, but there is no necessary connection between the two. In the following examples no pause precedes:—

"Sha'll we | *he'ar from* | you, Ca'tes | by, e're | we sle'ep?" (iii. i. 188).
"A co'ck | atr'ice | hast th'ou | *ha'tch'd to* | the wo'rld" (iv. i. 55).

In the fifth foot the stress is very rarely inverted. And for an obvious reason. On the metrical character of the last foot depends to a large extent the impression which the whole line leaves upon the ear. Here then, if anywhere, the stress ought to fall in its natural position. So unmetrical does an inverted stress in the last foot appear that some refuse to admit its occurrence. The following are the most likely instances of it in *Richard III.*—

"Well str'uck | in ye'ars, | fa'-ir, | and n'ot | *je'alous*" (i. 1. 92).
"I pr'ay | you, un'c | le, gi've | me th'is | *da'gger*" (iii. 1. 110).

Some, however, would scan the first of these lines thus—

"Well str'uck | in ye'- | ars, fa' | -ir, a'nd | not je'al | ous[1]";

and the second thus (Abbott, *Shak. Gr.*, § 478)—

"I pra'y | you, u'nc | le, | gi've me | this da'g | ge'r",

where the second syllable of 'uncle' is analogous to the feminine ending, and the last syllable of 'dagger' is somehow prolonged so as to have the full force of a foot. A note of warning is required about lines ending with compound words. The following are *not* instances of inverted stress in the last foot:—

"A knot | you are | of damn | ed blood- | suckers" (iii. 3. 6).
"Under | our tents | I'll play | the eaves | -dropper" (v. 3. 221).

What happens is that the stress on the second syllable is overwhelmed by the stronger stress on the one that precedes it. Cf. i. 1. 48; ii. 4. 1, and—

"The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each *May-morning*".

[1] The Folio prints the last word as a trisyllable—*jealious*. How would this be scanned?

(2) The stresses may vary in *strength*. There is almost no limit to the number of classes into which they might be divided. For practical purposes, however, two suffice. But so subtle are the gradations that it is not possible always to determine whether a particular stress is 'strong' (') or 'weak' (`). A weak stress is more common in the last foot than anywhere else; and Shakespeare's increasing fondness for ending the line with a 'weak' or 'light' monosyllable has provided another of the metrical tests to which allusion has already been made. The only absolute rule by which the poet is guided is that he should not carry variation in the position and strength of stresses so far as to make us forget the normal form of his line.

(3) The stresses may vary in *number*. The same foot may contain two stressed syllables, and the same line may contain more than five. (The same foot cannot, however, contain two stresses of precisely equal strength. The beat of the rhythm must be distinctly perceptible, if the line is to be metrical.) Perhaps the following represent the two extremes:—

"Wo'e's sc'ene, | wo'rld's sha'me, | gra've's d'ue | by li'fe | us'urped" (iv. 4. 27).
"An`d for | unfe'lt | im'ag | in`at | i-`on" (i. 4. 80).

In iv. 4. 75 the number and strength of the stresses is such that the ear is satisfied with a line of four feet—

"Ea'rth ga'pes, | he'll bu'rns, | fie'nds ro'ar, | sa'ints pr'ay".

Variation in the Distribution of the Pauses.

This is a very important and effective form of variation. But it is so subtle that it is hardly possible to lay down general principles. Here again the student should use his own powers of observation on particular passages. All *sense pauses* of importance are indicated by punctuation marks. Notice carefully how the position of these pauses varies, and how much of the effect depends upon their duration. The one *metrical pause* that forces itself on the attention is that which comes at the end of the line. There are not wanting indications that Shakespeare was influenced sometimes by the recollection of the 'caesura', or regular break in the middle of the line, which was characteristic of the verse from which his metre was developed. The most striking of these is the occurrence of a syllable analogous to the feminine ending after the second or third foot, —a point to which attention was drawn in the proper place (p. 181). But so many lines contain no trace of this caesura that we cannot regard it as a normal feature of the Shakespearian verse. The only point, then, at which we have any right to look for the coincidence of an important sense pause with an important metrical pause is the end of the line. And just because we do look for it there, its non-occurrence provides an effective variation,—a variation which admits of different degrees of intensity, and which, as we might expect, is much more frequent in the later plays than in the earlier (see Dow-

den's *Primer*, p. 39). Closely connected with this is Shakespeare's constantly-increasing fondness for ending his speeches with a broken line. König (*op. cit.*, p. 134) shows that, while the percentage of such endings in *Richard III.* is only 2·9, it rises steadily in the various plays till it reaches 87·6 in *The Winter's Tale.*

RHYME.

Another and an altogether different kind of variation remains to be noticed. Rhyme is very frequent in Shakespeare's early comedies, the percentage of rhymed lines in *Love's Labour's Lost* being 62·2.[1] In his later plays it occurs more and more rarely, until in *The Winter's Tale* not a single example is found. These represent the two extremes; and with regard to what lies between, it is, on the whole, true to say that his fondness for rhyme decreased in proportion as his skill in the management of blank verse grew greater. At the same time this 'rhyme-test' cannot be rigorously applied to determine the chronological order of the intermediate plays, inasmuch as certain conditions that suggest the use of rhyme may quite naturally prevail in one play rather than in another. To take an obvious instance, rhyme seems singularly appropriate to anything approaching the lyric mood, and accordingly in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, where we breathe the atmosphere of fairyland, the percentage of rhymed lines rises as high as 43. In *Richard III.*, on the other hand, where Shakespeare was, as we have seen, writing under the influence of Marlowe, the earliest master of blank verse, only 3·5 per cent of the lines are rhymed. In the great majority of the plays the percentage lies between 1 and 10, and in many cases it is possible to account definitely for the appearance of the rhymed lines. *The general effect of the occasional use of rhyme in blank verse is to draw special attention to the passage where it occurs.* Some particular applications of this principle may be noted. (1) Rhyme often marks the end of a scene, as in i. 1. 162, 163; 2. 263, 264, &c. (2) It may even mark the conclusion of a speech, particularly where an important exit follows, as in iv. 4. 194–5; v. 3. 149–50, 165–6, &c. In iv. 1. 96, 97, and iv. 4. 114, 115 it indicates a 'false exit'. (3) Sometimes it is used to add point to a statement or emphasis to an argument, as in i. 1. 55 ff.; iv. 4. 15–16, 20–21, 24–25. (4) Occasionally it indicates an 'aside', as iii. 1. 94.

[1] My figures are taken from König (*op. cit.*, p. 131).

GLOSSARY.

A, the indefinite article, is a worn-down form of the A.-S. *án* = 'one'. Occasionally it retains its original numerical force, particularly in prepositional phrases (iv. 2. 5; iv. 3. 12). Cf. "Doth not rosemary and Romeo both begin with a letter?" (*Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. 220).

abject (i. 1. 106), a person cast out (Lat. *abjectum*), one who is despised or of no account. The word occurs in *Psalms*, xxxv. 15.

abroach (i. 3. 325). 'To set abroach' is 'to tap a barrel of liquor by piercing it'. From *a* = 'in a state of', and *broach*, which comes from Low Lat. *brocca*, 'a spike', through the Fr. *broche*. Another form of the latter word is *brooch*, properly 'a pin'.

alarum (i. 1. 7; iv. 4. 148), call to arms. From the Italian '*all' arme*' = '*alle arme*' = 'to arms'. Skeat suggests that the experience of the Crusades may have made the phrase familiar to Englishmen.

an (iii. 1. 91), if. Originally the same as the common connective *and*. It is uncertain whether the meaning *if* was introduced through the corresponding Scandinavian word (*enda*), or whether it developed independently in English. The dropping of the final *d* was due to a wish to prevent confusion between the two meanings. *An if* is simply *if-if*.

annoy (v. 3. 156), annoyance. In origin it is the same as the French *ennui*. Both are from the Old Fr. *anoi*, which is probably from Lat. *in odio*.

atonement (i. 3. 36), reconciliation. To 'atone' means literally 'to set *at one*'. The pronunciation of the Mid. Eng. *oon* (= 'one') has survived in this word, as in 'alone' and 'only'.

attainder (iii. 5. 32), dishonourable stain. It was properly a legal term, applied to the loss of all civil rights consequent upon a sentence of death or outlawry. It is derived from a substantival use of the Old Fr. *ateindre* (Lat. *attingere*) = 'to attain', 'to reach', and so 'to convict'. Dr. Murray points out that its meaning was "subsequently warped by association with Fr. *teindre*, 'to stain'", the past part. of which has given us 'taint'. Etymologically the two words are quite distinct, coming respectively from Lat. *tangere* and *tingere*.

avaunt (i. 2. 46), begone, from Lat. *ab* and *ante* (Fr. *avant*), means literally 'forward', 'move on'.

Barbed (i. 1. 10), a form of 'barded' = 'armed with a *barb* or *bard*'. From Fr. *barde* = 'horse-armour', which is perhaps ultimately an Arabic word (Murray). The '*barde*' was the covering that protected the chest and sides of the horse when caparisoned for battle.

beaver (v. 3. 50), the lower part or face-guard of the helmet, used also of the whole helmet. The French word is *bavière*, originally = 'a child's bib', from *baver*, 'to slaver'.

beholding (ii. 1. 129; iii. 1. 107), indebted. Dr. Murray says that

this unusual sense evidently originated in an error for *beholden*, the past part. of Mid. Eng. *beholden* (A.-S. *be-healdan*), 'to obtain', 'hold'—"either through confusion of the endings or more probably after *beholden* was shortened to *beholde*, *behold*, and its grammatical character obscured".

belike (i. 1. 49), in all likelihood. From the preposition 'by' and *lik* (A.-S. *lic*), 'like', used either as adjective or substantive. The *New Eng. Dict.* suggests that it simply = 'by what is likely'.

bobb'd (v. 3. 334), struck. From Mid. Eng. *boben* or *bobben* = 'to strike with the fist', which appears in the 13th century. Ultimate origin uncertain. Dr. Murray says it is "perhaps onomatopœic, expressing the effect of a sudden, but not very weighty, blow".

boot (iv. 4. 65), good, advantage. The word has also a secondary meaning, 'help'. Thus, in v. 3. 301, "St. George to boot" means 'St. George to our aid'. From the Anglo-Saxon *bót*, 'profit', which is connected with *better*, *best*. Cf. the derivative *bootless*.

bulk (i. 4. 40), body. The word is so spelt through a confusion (which set in very early) with the word *bulk* = size. The proper form is *bouk*, which is cognate with the German *Bauch* = 'the belly'.

Cacodemon (i. 3. 144). A very rare word. This is one of the earliest instances of its use recorded by the *New English Dictionary*. It is properly a transcription of the Greek κακοδαίμων, 'unfortunate'. But Shakespeare uses the word as if he understood it to mean 'evil spirit'.

caitiff, properly a doublet of *captive*. From Lat. *captivum*, through the Norman French (cf. French *chétif*). The word now means a cowardly or poor-spirited person. Formerly, however, it had also the sense of 'miserable' or 'unhappy', without any suggestion of cowardice. So in iv. 4. 100.

chop (i. 4. 160), throw suddenly. It meant originally 'to cut with a sharp blow' (Mid. Eng. *choppen*), hence 'thrust quickly'.

cock-shut time (v. 3. 70), twilight. Derivation uncertain. Dr. Murray (*New Eng. Dict.*) inclines to the opinion that it meant simply the time for shutting up the fowls.

cog (i. 3. 48), to cheat. Origin uncertain. The instances in the *New Eng. Dict.* show that the word was at first used of a form of cheating practised in playing dice.

conceit (iii. 4. 51), idea. Originally = 'anything conceived in the mind', from Lat. *conceptum*, through Old Fr. *conceit*. In Shakespeare the word has never by itself the modern sense of 'vanity'.

costard, properly a large apple. It then came to be used as a slang term for the head (i. 4. 159). Derivation doubtful. The *New Eng. Dict.* suggests that it may be from the O. Fr. *coste*, 'a rib', and may have originally meant 'a prominently *ribbed* apple'.

cue (iii. 4. 27), properly a word or phrase which marks the end of a speech or scene, and serves as a signal to another actor to begin. Skeat gives as the derivation Fr. *queue*, 'a tail', but Dr. Murray points out that *queue* is never used in French in the sense of the English *cue*. In old copies the word is written *Q* or *q*, and this has given rise to the conjecture that it may be the first letter of *qualis* or *quando*, used to indicate *when* the new speaker should begin.

Defused (i. 2. 78), shapeless. From Lat. *defusus*, past part. of *defundere*. In our play it is used with an obvious reference to Richard's deformity. In *Henry V.*, v.

2. 61 ("defused attire"), it has the sense of 'disordered'. Cf. *Lear*, i. 4. 2.

demise (iv. 4. 247), make transference of. The word is more familiar as a substantive='transference', 'death', from Old Fr. *de(s)mis(e)*, past part. of *desmettre*, 'to displace' (Lat. *dimittere*).

descant, originally a musical term. From French *deschanter* (Lat. *cantare*). The substantive meant a part added by way of variation to a simple melody. (In *The Two Gentlemen* (i. 2. 94) it is contrasted with the 'bass' as if it were the 'treble'.) In *Richard III.* we have it used metaphorically (iii. 7. 49) for a discourse upon a theme. The verb meant to add a variation to a melody. In i. 1. 27 it is used much as we should use it now, though doubtless (as Mr. Wright says) with a play upon its musical significance.

duty. According to Schmidt this word occurs in three distinct senses in our play: (1) with its ordinary meaning of 'what is due' (as i. 3. 250); (2) in the sense of 'homage' (as i. 3. 251); (3) in the sense of 'reverence', 'respect' (as ii. 2. 108). As to its derivation, Skeat says it is "a coined word, formed by analogy with English words in *-ty* (of Fr. origin) from adj. *due*", which in turn comes from Old Fr. *deue*, feminine of past part. of *devoir* (Lat. *debere*).

Egally (iii. 7. 213), equally. From Old Fr. *egal* (Mod. Fr. *égal*), 'equal'. The corresponding form of the adjective occurs in *Titus Andronicus*, iv. 4. 4.

empery, dominion, sway (Lat. *imperium*). Hence 'possessions' (iii. 7. 136).

enfranchise (i. 1. 110), set free. This is very nearly the literal sense of the word, which comes from *en* and Old Fr. *franchise*='privileged liberty'. The Old Fr. *franc* (Low Lat. *francus*), 'free', is "derived from Old High German *franko*, a free man, a Frank. The *Franks* were a Germanic people" (Skeat).

entertain (Old Fr. *entretenir*, Low Lat. *inter-tenere*) has in *Richard III.* three senses that should be noted: (1) 'while away', 'pass', in i. 1. 29; (2) 'take into service' in i. 2. 257 (cf. 'to *retain* a barrister'); (3) 'harbour' (of feelings) in i. 3. 4, and i. 4. 135.

exhale (i. 2. 58, 166), draw out. According to the *New Eng. Dict.* this is not a mere misunderstanding of the ordinary *exhale* (Lat. *exhalare*), due to a false etymology, but a distinct word from Lat. *ex* and English *hale*, 'to draw'. This is the earliest instance quoted.

expiate (iii. 3. 23). In his very interesting article on the suffix *-ate* in the *New Eng. Dict.*, Dr. Murray clears up the history of such forms in the following way. About 1400, English, following French analogy, began to form participial adjectives directly from Latin by dropping the termination of the past participle. (Cf. 'convict' [i. 4. 192] from *convict-us*, 'contract' [iii. 7. 179] from *contract-us*, &c.) From the first Latin conjugation came 'desolate', 'expiate', 'separate', &c., the *e* being added for phonetic reasons. Subsequently many of these participial adjectives gave rise to causative verbs, the infinitives of which were identical with the adjectives from which they were formed. For some time they continued to be used as past participles of the new verbs. But at length regular past participles with *-ed* began to be formed, and then the original words either became obsolete (as 'expiate') or continued in use as adjectives (as 'desolate', 'separate', 'moderate', &c.). The only surviving participle of this type is 'situate'.

Feature (i. 1. 19), not 'face', but 'form', 'figure', '*make*'. From Old Fr. *faiture* (Lat. *factura*).

flesh'd (iv. 3. 6), hardened. For the technical sense see Notes. The literal meaning of the word is 'to feed with flesh' (A.-S. *flæsc*). So in *Second Part of Henry IV.*, iv. 5. 133—

"the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent".

In *King John*, v. 1. 71, we have, by a singularly bold metaphor, "Shall a beardless boy . . . flesh his spirit in our warlike fields?" The sense of 'initiate' is predominant in *First Part of Henry IV.*, v. 4. 133—

"Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword".

fond (iii. 2. 26; 4. 83), foolish. From Mid. Eng. *fonn-ed*, past participle of *fonnen*='to behave like a fool'. Professor Herford says: "The modern sense arose from the association of warm feeling with intellectual feebleness". He compares the inverse transition in the case of the modern English word 'silly', which originally meant 'happy', 'blessed' (German *selig*).

frank'd (i. 3. 314; iv. 5. 3). See Notes. A 'frank' (Old Fr. *franc*) was a pen for fattening cattle, pigs, or fowls. The word occurs in *Second Part of Henry IV.*, ii. 2. 160: "Doth the old boar feed in the old frank?"

Gall (iv. 4. 53), irritate by rubbing. From Old Fr. *galle*, 'an itching' (Lat. *callus*=a piece of hard skin).

gossip, properly a godfather or godmother. From *god-sib*, 'related in God'. It afterwards came to mean a crony, and to convey a suggestion of contempt. Schmidt says that in i. 1. 83 it simply means talkative women. Mr. Wright, however, in his note, explains it as "persons who are on intimate terms, and therefore supposed to be possessed of influence with each other". If Mr. Wright's view is correct, the irony is bitter indeed.

gramercy (iii. 2. 108), an exclamation=Fr. *grand merci*.

Index (ii. 2. 149), introduction, prologue. In iv. 4. 85 it has been supposed to refer to a programme of the pageant or dumb show, that was distributed beforehand among the audience.

infection, used in the concrete sense of 'plague' (i. 2. 78). See Notes. In i. 2. 150 "infected" occurs in the sense of 'affected with love-sickness', with which cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii. 1. 230, and the corresponding use of the substantive in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 126.

i-wis (i. 3. 102), certainly. Cf. German *gewiss*.

Jet (ii. 4. 51), the original form of *jut*. (Skeat compares the old use of *jutty* for *jetty*.) It comes from Old Fr. *jetter*, 'to throw forth' (Lat. *jactare*). Formerly it meant 'to strut', *e.g.* *Cymbeline*, iii. 3. 5—

"the gates of monarchs
Are arched so high that giants may jet through".

For the sense of 'encroach', cf. *Titus Andronicus*, ii. 1. 64.

Lewd (i. 3. 61), rude, vulgar. The word originally meant 'ignorant', from A.-S. *læwed*, the origin of which is doubtful. (Professor Herford inclines to Lat. *laicus* or *laicatus*, 'a layman'.) In iii. 7. 72 it is used in its modern sense.

luxury (iii. 5. 80), sensuality. This is the usual meaning of the word in Elizabethan English

Luxuria, from which it is derived, has a similar force in theological Latin.

Malapert (i. 3. 255), saucy. From Old Fr. *mal*, 'ill' (Lat. *male*), and *apert*, 'skilful', 'expert' (Lat. *apertus*). The literal sense will then be 'ill-behaved'.

malmsey (i. 4. 161), a corruption of Mid. Eng. *malvesie* from Old Fr. *malvoisie*. The name is derived from the town of *Malvasia* on the E. coast of the Morea.

marry (i. 3. 98), a common exclamation. From the name of the Virgin *Mary*.

methinks, it seems to me. From A.-S. *þyncan*, 'to seem', which is quite distinct from *þencan*, 'to think'. For the form 'methoughts' see on i. 4. 9.

mettle (iv. 4. 302), the same word as *metal*. Schmidt mentions that the old texts of Shakespeare do not distinguish the two words by spelling. *Mettle* has come to have its present sense of 'spirit' through a metaphor from the quality of a sword blade.

mew'd up (i. 1. 38), shut up. Literally it means 'shut up in a *mew*'. The word *mue* (Latin *mutare*, to change) in Middle English meant a cage where falcons were kept while moulting. Stables have come to be called *mews*, because in A.D. 1534 "the royal stables were rebuilt in a place where the royal falcons had been kept".

moe (iv. 4. 199, 504), more. The two words are from the same root, but *moe* is not a positive, as is sometimes supposed. It comes from the adverb *ma*, while *more* comes from the corresponding adjective. *Moe* was often used as a neuter substantive followed by a genitive plural. By and by the force of the genitive was lost, but *moe* continued to be followed by a plural and thus came to be regarded as the proper comparative of *many*, the word *more* being used as the comparative of *much*.

Obsequiously (i. 2. 3). With the force of the adverb in this passage cf. the use of the adjective in *Sonnets* xxxi. 5: "Many a holy and obsequious tear", and *Hamlet*, i. 2. 92, "obsequious sorrow". This sense came from association with Lat. *obsequiæ* ('obsequies') rather than *obsequium* ('complaisance'), both of which are formed from *obsequi*.

owe (iv. 4. 142), possess. This sense is very common in Elizabethan Eng. From Mid. Eng. *awen*, *owen* (A.-S. *ágan*), 'to possess', the Mod. Eng. 'own' being formed from the past participle of the A.-S. verb. The word is used in the modern sense in i. 3. 170. A parallel to the double sense may be found in the occasional occurence of Fr. *avoir*= 'owe'. *'J'ai à vous huit mille francs'* (Bouvier, *Colette*, 26).

Parlous (ii. 4. 35; iii. 1. 154), a corruption of 'perilous', frequent in Shakespeare in a half-humorous sense. As soon as the *i* dropped out, 'perlous' would necessarily become *parlous*, owing to the operation of the phonetic law of the 16th century by which '*er*+consonant' became '*ar*+consonant'. Other examples are 'Harry' for 'Henry', 'parson' for 'person', 'far' from Mid. Eng. *ferre*. (Cf. ''Varsity' for 'University' and 'tarble' for 'terrible'.)

peise (v. 3. 105), weigh. The word (which is the same as *poise*) comes from the Old French *peiser* =*peser* (Lat. *pensare*).

pill'd (i. 3. 159), plundered. From Mid. Eng. *pillen*, 'to rob' (French *piller*, Lat. *pilare*). The derivative 'pillage' is still in common use.

prevent, literally 'to go before', 'to anticipate', from Lat. *prae* and *venio*, as in "Prevent us, oh Lord, in all our doings, with Thy most gracious favour". The word occurs in this literal sense in iii. 5. 55. In Shakespeare, even where it approaches the modern meaning most nearly (ii. 3. 26; iii. 4. 83), the notion of taking precautions beforehand seems to be implied.

purchase (iii. 7. 187), capture. The word is derived from Old Fr. *pur* (Lat. *pro*) and *chacer* (Lat. *captare*, 'to catch'), and was originally applied to acquisition of any kind (*John*, iii. 1. 205). Sometimes it definitely means 'booty' (*First Part of King Henry IV.*, ii. 1. 101). In ii. 1. 63 of our play the verb is used very much as it might be now.

Quit (iv. 4. 20; v. 3. 262), repay, requite. From Old Fr. *quiter*, 'to settle' (Lat. *quietare*, from *quietus*).

Raze (iii. 2. 11), scrape. From French *raser*, Low Lat. *rasare*, formed from the supine of *radere*. It is sometimes spelt *rase*. The sense of 'demolish' comes from the idea of scraping *out* a thing.

reft (iv. 4. 233), participle of *reave*, 'to rob' (A.-S. *reáfian*, Mid. Eng. *reuen*). Derivative, 'bereave'.

resolve has the sense of 'inform' in iv. 5. 19. In iv. 2. 26 and 120 it might almost be rendered 'answer'.

retail (iii. 1. 77), recount. For iv. 4. 335 see Notes. The word comes from Old Fr. *re*, 'again', and *tailler*, 'to cut' (*taille*, 'an incision', from Lat. *talea*, 'a thin rod' or 'slip').

rood (iii. 2. 77; iv. 4. 165), the cross, from A.-S. *ród*, a cross. It is the same word as 'rod', and its use as a name for a measure of land comes from the use of a rod in measuring, with which cf. 'pole' and 'perch'.

runagate (iv. 4. 465), properly a doublet of *renegade*. The Middle English *renegat* (Lat. *renegatum*) means an apostate. The spelling was changed owing to a supposed connection with *run*, and *gate*, 'way' (cf. note on *shamefast*, i. 4. 142). It almost seems as if Shakespeare understood it in the sense of 'runaway'. For Richard nowhere accuses Richmond of treachery, though he does accuse him of cowardice in taking refuge in Brittany. The form *renegade* was introduced through Spanish.

Scathe (i. 3. 317), harm. Derived from the A.-S. verb *sceaðan*, 'to harm' (cf. Ger. *Schade*). Derivative, 'scatheless'.

shamefast (i. 4. 142). See Notes. Literally it means fixed (fast) in modesty (shame). A.-S. *scamfæst*.

shrewd (ii. 4. 35), mischievous. In *Richard II.* (iii. 2. 59) we have "shrewd steel" = 'destructive steel'. The modern meaning of 'clever' comes through the intermediate sense of 'cunning'. Derived from Mid. Eng. *schrewed*, past participle of *schrewen* 'to curse', from the adj. *schrewe*, 'evil'. Prof. Herford says: "The O.E. *screáwa* has only the sense 'shrew- (or barn-) mouse', but this was doubtless the same word, meaning 'the destructive one'. The word *mouse* itself means 'stealer'."

sirrah, a form of address used in anger or contempt. It is connected with *sir*.

soothe (i. 3. 298), flatter. From A.-S. *sóð*. "The original sense was assent to as being true, hence to say yes to, humour, flatter, approve of" (Skeat).

sop (i. 4. 162), a piece of bread dipped in wine. So the Frankeleyn in Chaucer's *Prologue* (334) loved "a sop in wyn". Mid. Eng.

soppe, from A.-S. *súp-an*, 'to sup'. The derivative "milk-sop" occurs in v. 3. 325. The Mod. Fr. *soupe* properly means the slice of bread put into the soup (*'mettre une soupe dans le bouillon'*), though it is now the ordinary expression for soup of all kinds, *potage* being the more polite term.

sort (verb: ii. 2. 148; 3. 36), arrange, cause to fall out. Through Fr. from Lat. *sort-em*, 'a lot'.

sort (substantive: v. 3. 316), set. Literally 'a chance collection', 'lot', from *sort-em*, as above.

struck (i. 1. 92), advanced. Cf. *Luke*, i. 7: "well stricken in years". From Mid. Eng. *striken*, A.-S. *strícan*, 'to proceed', 'move forward'. Skeat quotes *Pier's Plowman* (Prologue, 183): "A mouse . . . stroke forth boldly", as an illustration of the original sense of the word.

suggestion (iii. 2. 103), instigation. Always in Shakespeare with the notion of prompting to evil. Cf. *Macbeth*. i. 3. 134—

> "that suggestion
> whose horrid image doth unfix my hair".

swine (v. 2. 10), both singular and plural, as were *swin* in Mid. Eng., and *swín* in A.-S.

Tall, excellent of its kind. Hence, when applied to a fighting man (i. 4. 156), 'valiant'. (Cf. our use of 'stout'.) From Mid. Eng. *tal*, 'seemly'. Though the application of the word is now limited almost entirely to size, a survival of the old use is found in the phrase 'a fine tall copy', which is still current in booksellers' catalogues.

teen (iv. 1. 95), sorrow, vexation. It comes from the Mid. Eng. *tene*, A.-S. *teóna*, vexation. (Skeat.)

temper (i. 1. 65), properly to adjust by mixing, to regulate, and hence to influence. From Lat. *temperare*. Another form of the same word is *tamper*.

tetchy (iv. 4. 168), peevish. Properly 'full of tetches, *i.e.* bad habits, caprices'. From Mid. Eng. *tecche* or *tache*, 'a (bad) habit'. (Cf. Fr. *tache*, 'a stain'.) Skeat points out that this is the word now corrupted to 'touchy', through a supposed connection with 'touch'. Cf. Notes (i. 4. 142).

Welkin, sky. From A.-S. *wolcnu*, 'clouds'. Cf. German *wolken*.

whiles (i. 2. 32), properly the genitive case of the substantive *while* (='time') used as an adverb. Skeat compares 'twice' (=*twi-es*). He points out, however, that in A.-S. the genitive of this substantive, which is feminine, was the same as the nominative (*hwile*).

withal has two distinct uses in Shakespeare: (1) as an adverb='moreover'; (2) as an emphatic form of the preposition *with*. In the latter case it is generally placed at the end of the sentence. It is compounded from the preposition *with* and the dative of *al*, all.

worser (i. 3. 102), a double comparative. In Middle English *werse* was dissyllabic (A.-S. *wirsa*), whence probably the double comparative form.

wot (ii. 3. 18), third singular present indicative of the verb *wit*, 'to know' (A.-S. *witan*). The second plural occurs in iii. 2. 92. Cf. the force of the substantive 'wit' in iii. 1. 50, and of the adjective 'witty' in iv. 2. 42.

Zounds, an oath='s wounds', *i.e.* 'God's wounds'. See on iii. 7. 219.

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